The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1921 NUMBER 336

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The Week

WITHIN a week or two the Knox resolution repealing the declarations of war against Germany and Austria, will have passed both houses of Congress and probably have received the President's signature. What then? The Republican party will have ended the war but it will not have achieved peace; and the problem of achieving peace will remain as difficult and formidable as if the Knox resolution had never been considered. The Republicans are still hesitating between two dubious and unsatisfactory courses. They can either ratify the Treaties of Versailles and St. Germain with the League of Nations omitted and subject to some substantial reservations, or they can negotiate separate treaties of peace with the former enemy countries. In the first case there would not be any great difference between ratification and rejection. They would ratify minus so many and such important provisions of the Treaty that they would need a conference in order to determine their relations with their former associates in the war. In the second case the negotiation of peace with Germany would leave open many grave questions, both legal and economic, which would also require for their settlement a treaty with France, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium and the new Central European states. In other words, the real problem in any event is to negotiate a general settlement to which all the belligerents in the late war can agree. President Harding and Mr. Hughes can hardly avoid, before they are done, the summoning of a new world conference to assemble and deliberate in Washington.

THE decision of the Supreme Council to delay any enforcement of the "sanctions" against Germany indicates a sharp difference of opinion among the Allies as to the desirability of extreme coercive measures. Great Britain and Italy, as opposed to France, would gladly avoid the responsibility of drastic coercion. We hope that the friends of conciliation and peace among nations can use the breathing space if not to bring about a permanent settlement, at least to propose an acceptable trial plan of some kind; but at this moment it does not look as if the few days of grace would restore even a semblance of peace to Europe. They are too short to alter the psychological and economic facts which underlie the present crisis and which seem to be irresistibly pushing Europe towards further disorder and chaos. On the one hand France, still bleeding from the war and involved in a desperate financial predicament, has a legal claim on Germany which, if collectible and collected, will save her credit. Her present rulers are possessed of irresistible military force, which they are perfectly willing to use on behalf of collection. If they succeed, well and good. If they fail they will only have removed an hereditary and, as they claim, an irreconcilable enemy. On the other hand Germany, still emaciated by the blockade and without a chance of meeting her liabilities, knows she cannot pay as much as the French demand and is unwilling to utter any more insincere promises. Great Britain and Italy are disposed to let her off and are hostile to the French policy, but they will not carry their hostility to the point of breaking with

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France. This the French politicians know and it gives them the whip hand in the parleys. Themselves reckless of consequences, prepared for an extremity of action, and asking for nothing from the signatories of the Treaty which is not written in the bond, the rulers of France realize the strength of their position and will, we believe, push their advantage to the extreme limit of tolerability. Sooner or later the French army will march.

IS there any way of changing for the better the psychological facts which may soon let loose on Europe a new flood of suffering and disaster? Perhaps. If the American government were mentally prepared to negotiate an agreement with Great Britain and Italy to oppose France, should she adopt single-handed an extreme policy; and if it were ready at the same time to use American economic power for the scaling down of European liabilities and the promotion of European economic recovery, it might be able to stop the new outbreak. There exists in France a widespread although inarticulate feeling of dissatisfaction with the harsh chauvinism of the present French policy, and if France were isolated and explicitly condemned by her Allies, this dissatisfaction would gain largely in volume and aggressiveness. The difficulty is that the American, the British and the Italian governments are not ready to take the necessary step of protecting Germany against France. The last two are bound by the Treaty of Versailles and do not dare to undertake its revision. The American State Department is seeking a way out which looks in the direction of a compromise between what the French demand and what the Germans are willing to pay.

BUT a compromise which is forced on Germany by the kind of coercion which is now being used will not serve. Whatever the Germans pay they have got to earn by thirty years of prodigious individual and collective self-denial and hard work. If they are forced to promise payments which seem to them utterly excessive and unjust, they will so resent their treatment that they will be incapable of the required effort. It is a real danger that as the result of seeking an adjustment by compromise, the Germans will feel compelled to sign an agreement which they do not believe themselves able to carry out and on which they will eventually default.

THERE are powerful reasons to be urged in favor of pressing both the Germans and the French to accept a compromise. Even though the new arrangement called for payments by Germany which imposed an excessive strain on her ability and her will to pay, an accepted compromise would mean the temporary delay in the use of force and this delay might permit beneficial changes in the states of mind of the former belligerent nations. Yet if through American mediation a compromise of that kind were negotiated, it is very doubtful whether it would succeed. The statesmen of those nations who were the enemies of Germany during the war must sooner or later accept one of two alternatives. They must either work with Germany and seek her consent to any contract which they ask her government to sign. Or they must adopt the only course which will in the long run enable them to dispense with the necessity of securing the consent of so numerous, intelligent and energetic a nation to the conditions which determine its welfare. They must frankly make up their minds to destroy the independence, economic power and the national self-respect of the German people.

THIS second alternative the Allies have actually pursued in writing and executing the Treaty of Versailles. It is the alternative which is implied by imposing demands on Germany which are and must be forced upon her people at the point of the sword. But as yet no Allied statesman will frankly proclaim or admit what the meaning and effect of their policy of coercion is; and public opinion in Europe and this country is still too clouded by justifiable resentment against Germany to understand what the effect must be on the spirit of a nation which is expected to undergo prodigious self-denial and labor with a loaded and cocked pistol pressed against its stomach. Europe will never recover composure and peace and American mediation will never bring about an acceptable and workable compromise until the consequences of the method of coercion are understood and the method itself abandoned in the interest of a method of consent.

SINCE 1885 there have been four hundred and fifteen lynchings of Negroes in Georgia,—more than in any other state. The recent Williams case, in which eleven Negroes were killed, adds the existence of a widespread system of peonage to this fearful distinction. But Georgia's conscience is at work, in the person of her governor, Hugh M. Dorsey. Governor Dorsey has published a booklet, called the Negro in Georgia, which is a circumstantial recital of outrages upon Negroes in the state within the last few years. All the cases cited were voluntarily sent to the Governor by Georgians. In only two of the 135 cited was a crime against a white woman involved. The others were of various kinds: Negroes lynched, Negroes beaten, shot, whipped; Negroes held in forced labor, prosperous Negroes forced out of their country by violence or threats of violence. "In some cases," says the Governor, "the Negro is being driven out as though he

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were a wild beast." The testimony before him came unsolicited, and, he believes, were an effort made to collect more of it, conditions would be found to be actually many times worse. "If the conditions indicated by these charges should continue," says the governor, "both God and man would justly condemn Georgia more severely than God and man have condemned Belgium and Leopold for the Congo atrocities." One needs to remember that these words are from a Southern governor to realize how brave they are.

AND Governor Dorsey knows exactly how he intends his words should lead to acts. He wants laws establishing a State Constabulary. He wants authority to appoint "at any time a commission to investigate lynchings . . ." and power to remove any official it may find to have failed to uphold the law. He demands that "a financial penalty be imposed upon any county in which a lynching may occur." He urges compulsory education for both races. There are other remedies, too: such as a campaign by the churches to place in every part of Georgia "a sufficient number of Sunday Schools and Churches, where, in their separate places of worship . . . both races will learn . . . the Gospel of justice and mercy . . ." Publicity has been the Governor's chief aim, and he urges it to be continued: there should be a "careful investigation of facts as to the treatment of the Negro"—to be made, he adds, "by Georgians and not by outsiders." He is quite right: since Georgia's conscience is aroused, let her clean her house herself and have from outsiders only the encouragement a fearless governor deserves.

SENATOR MOSES, of New Hampshire, has introduced into the Senate a resolution for the investigation of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Mr. Moses suspects that the clothing unions are among the most dangerous centres of radicalism; he charges that as a result of strikes of these unions the production of garments in the United States has been cut to 25 per cent of normal. Does the Senator believe that the general collapse of the market, the consumer's strike against too expensive clothes, has had nothing to do with the drop in production? One may disagree with his reasoning and yet be fully in sympathy with the aim of his resolution. It calls for a searching inquiry "into the conditions in the clothing industry of the United States . . . . the causes of industrial unrest . . . . and its bearing upon the cost of clothing to the public, the purposes, objects, methods and tactics of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers . . . ." Such an inquiry would lead far: it would bring out the facts as to their side of the dispute which the unions have been unable to make public, it would bring out facts about the employers' side which are not generally enough known. The facts are complicated and clouded, the issue that rests upon them, while clear enough at bottom, is not by any means clear in the public mind. An investigation can dispel the fog. By all means let us have it.

THE California Assembly has passed a bill, aimed at industrial espionage, substantially to the effect that "any person or corporation who shall employ any other person for the purpose of joining any union of workingmen to secure knowledge of their activities on trade union matters, or to foment strife among the members, or to agitate them to commit offenses against the public peace, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor," and face the penalty of a fine of $250 or three months imprisonment or both. This bill was passed by a vote of 52 to 11, while amendments, in favor of the open shop, that would have made it ineffective, were defeated 41 to 25. We extend our thanks and congratulations to the California Assembly. If only a small one, this is at any rate a beginning.

The German Offer

TWO questions present themselves to one who examines the last German proposals dispassionately. The first question, and the least important is: Has Germany made the best offer she can afford? Probably not. Germany is trying to get off as cheaply as she can. But the second question is crucial: Is the offer so inadequate that an intelligent statesmanship would reject it forthwith, as not even a possible basis for further negotiation? The French government wanted to reject it, but no one looks to the French government for a statesmanship tending toward a reestablishment of peace in Europe. Any German offer whatsoever would have been denounced by the French, as designed to stave off the invasion of the Ruhr. It is reported that General Foch has declared that the better the German offer, the more necessary the exaction of "guarantees"—i. e., the seizure of districts vital to the existence of Germany. We cite this statement merely to indicate the worthlessness of the judgments passed upon the offer by the official French press. A judge who will convict whatever the evidence is no judge at all.

Nor is anything to be inferred from a comparison of the figures worked out by the Reparations Commission with the German figures. The Commission's figure is 132,000,000,000 gold marks as compared with the German figure of 50,000,000,000. Both are in terms of present values, so

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that there can be no such confusion as is involved in the comparison between the German annuity proposals and the Allies' Paris and London demands. But the Reparations Commission bill is only a summing up of liabilities under all the categories of loss defined in the Treaty. It does not take into account any question of Germany's ability to pay. The figure, then, is devoid of any real financial meaning. Its only value is that of a club, to force Germany to revise her offer upward toward the maximum of possible performance.

There are, however, abundant positive reasons why the German offer should receive serious consideration. Fifty billions of gold marks, together with the sums which Germany has already paid, in ships, coal and other property surrendered, is not far from the maximum which the American peace commissioners considered Germany able to pay. It would probably cover all the items of damage which Germany agreed to as a condition of the armistice. Interest and amortization of this sum would absorb any excess of export credits that Germany is likely to acquire within the next generation. Fifty billions of gold marks is a sum that might conceivably be funded in the next decade, in which case the Allied governments would receive the capital of their claims and the future history of the indemnity would become a matter of ordinary private finance. A sum much greater than fifty billion marks could not be funded. It would remain an obligation between governments and a lasting temptation to repudiation as a form of tribute. If the Allies really want as much money as they can get out of Germany, the German offer forms a much better basis of negotiation than the figures agreed upon by Briand and Lloyd George or the figures furnished by the Reparations Commission. And we surmise that the best American financial opinion, if considerations of policy permitted its free expression, would favor the serious consideration of the German proposals. Otherwise it would be difficult to explain the attitude of the Harding administration toward them. Secretary Hughes has finally declared officially that they do not "afford a basis for discussion acceptable to the Allied governments and that these proposals can not be entertained." That is, however, a judgment of the Allied attitude, rather than of the degree in which the offer falls short of the "definite and adequate proposals which would in all respects meet (Germany's) just obligations."

The principal sum which Germany offers to pay is not so very far below the maximum she can be expected to pay. Grant that it might be increased by a quarter in the course of negotiations; not much beyond that would be practicable. What of the other conditions she attaches to her offer? She will raise as large a part of the sum as she can by an international loan; on the remainder she proposes to pay interest of four per cent. That, we conceive to be inadequate; the interest ought to be fixed at a figure that will press the government to persistent efforts to complete the funding of the debt. All other obligations as to reparations would be wiped out, and German private property abroad would be released. That condition, we conceive, would have to be modified. England and France will never restore the German properties seized in the war, and it is doubtful that the United States, which would not share in the 50,000,000,000 gold marks, and has no other resource for covering its claims except the German property it holds, would accept the condition, without qualification. Another condition is that the basis of German production shall not be further restricted—which means apparently that the plebiscite area in Silesia must remain German. That is not an unreasonable condition, in view of the preponderance of German votes. And the final condition of importance is that Germany shall be relieved of unproductive expenses, apparently the expenses of keeping up Allied armies of occupation. That is a condition which could not well be accepted without modification. Until the indemnity has been paid or funded, the Germans must expect that some part of their territory must be occupied and at their expense. They furnished a striking precedent for such an occupation after 1871. But obviously there must be a limitation on the expenditures of the armies of occupation if Germany is to have any control over her finances.

Germany has placed her indemnity figures as low as she dares, and has accompanied them by conditions as favorable to herself as she dares. The significant thing is that she nevertheless has come very near the maximum figures and the best conditions that a rational Allied statesmanship would exact. There is no truculence in this offer, but manifest anxiety to find some basis on which Germany may be permitted to live and work herself out of the slough into which the fatal policy of military adventure plunged her. She has made an offer she can execute; much more she can not do. Is her offer to be rejected with contempt? That is the policy of the French; England is subservient to French policy, Italy helpless and the United States aloof. But if the offer is thus dismissed, Germany will not in the end be the sole sufferer. And the time may come when history will point to this rejection as the turning point when control of the destinies of Europe began definitely to drift away from Allied direction.

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The Manchester Guardian

IN the drear and chaotic world of contemporary journalism there is at least one fact of shining significance. It is this: that whenever there occurs among men of affairs or of letters, a discussion upon the quality or influence of newspapers, in Europe and the English-speaking countries, the names of one journal and one editor are certain to come in for the most admiring mention. There may be wide difference of opinion as to which newspaper is the most successful or the most powerful. There is, among people who know the press, practically no dispute as to the unique distinction enjoyed by the Manchester Guardian and its proprietor-editor. Mr. C. P. Scott has been for many years the acknowledged head of his craft in England; and this week the Guardian passes its hundredth anniversary. Its first number appeared on May 5, 1821—a small weekly paper, not the least of the portents associated with the rebirth of the English people after the Napoleonic wars.

"The age of ruins is past," says one of Disraeli's preposterous characters, "have you seen Manchester?" Even so long ago as the year 1821, and the very day of Napoleon's passing from the scene, there was no need of an especially prophetic eye in order to discern the coming industrial expansion of Manchester, and its importance as the cradle of a political creed. But no one could conceivably have foreseen the miracle of the Guardian. The proudest citizen of Manchester would not insist upon his city's cultural origins. Even as a commercial capital its position has none of the physical rightness of, say, Chicago or Frankfurt. Its aspect is without amenity, its climate remarkably forbidding. In no great town of the world, perhaps, can there be found fewer signs of civic tradition or accomplishment. Its wonderful Rylands Library is not a communal enterprise, but the family memorial to a millionaire dry-goods merchant. Its fine university is the creation of our utilitarian age; and it is of so little account to the citizens of Manchester that when recently a drive was organized for an endowment fund (at a time when a score of colleges in America were raising sums which in Europe would seem immense) the wealthiest commercial community in England fell down. These things, and many others more or less disparaging, may be said of the city made famous in economic history by cotton and in political history by Cobden and Bright. And when they have been said and considered, we are left with the extraordinary circumstance that it is to this city of northern England that the world is indebted for the creation and preservation of the most satisfying newspaper at present coming from the press.

When Charles Prestwich Scott succeeded, in 1872, to the editorship of the Guardian, he was a young man of twenty-five, barely three years out of Oxford. The paper had taken its modern shape, as a political and commercial daily, in 1855, when Gladstone began the repeal of the notorious "taxes on knowledge." Its proprietor then was John Edward Taylor, second of the name, a conspicuous Manchester citizen who combined with newspaper ownership an unwavering adherence to liberal politics and a shrewd ability in the collecting of Old Masters. In Taylor's day the Guardian was a firm and judicious champion of Victorian liberalism, holding a position decidedly to the right as compared with some of its northern contemporaries; sound, as of course, in the economic tenets of the Manchester school, but with little or none of the quality now recognized as its characteristic possession. We do not know that Mr. Scott has ever publicly expounded his philosophy of journalism, or made known whether, in building the paper which has become the leading example of impersonal journalism inspired by a single directing mind, he was fully conscious of what he was doing. It is certainly worth noting that he made for himself one rule which, so far as we know, no other English editor has followed. Believing in the value to a newspaper of the temper and training associated with his own university, he went, during a long spell of years, to Oxford for his young men. His first important recruit was W. T. Arnold, a nephew of Matthew Arnold, in whom he found a perfect lieutenant throughout the later Gladstonian period, which included the Irish land war and the long struggle over the first two home rule bills.

Thereafter came from the university a succession of brilliant editorial writers—among them C. E. Montague, L. T. Hobhouse, and Herbert Sidebotham (who developed the surprising talent for military exegesis displayed in the columns signed Student of War). These and others of their kind underwent the searching graduate course of the Guardian's editorial department, and together had the satisfaction of learning the truth of that maxim of anonymous journalism—that there is no limit to the good service a man may do, if he does not care who gets the credit for it. Explain it how we will, there is the fact—that the one daily newspaper which has preserved on its highest level the liberal mind which is the special glory of modern England has done it through five successive decades with the help mainly of men whose ideas and mental habits were learned in the colleges of Oxford. The rule and practice had one notable

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result on the Guardian as a whole. In a quite unusual degree the editorial writers set the standard of English for the entire staff. Hence the fact recognized by every discerning reader of the Guardian: that a piece of special reporting, a paragraph in the renowned London Correspondence, or the description of a cricket-match will show a care for expression not inferior to that exhibited in those leading articles whose weighted sentences are quoted day by day through the press of the world.

In any estimate of the Manchester Guardian as an institution and an influence there are, we think, three things especially that should be remarked. They are: first, the consistency with which it has sustained its own exalted standard of news; secondly, the richness and breadth of its editorial survey and interpretation—in which, as is well known, the writing of the Editor-in-Chief has remained a constant feature; thirdly, the extraordinary fairness and generosity of its controversial temper. From the days of parliamentary reform and of the agitation against the corn laws; through the epoch of Victorian prosperity, Gladstonian emancipation, and Disraelian adventure, down to these days of unparalleled war and revolution, the Guardian has borne its witness. The recurrent storms that have shaken the fabric of British liberalism to its foundations have beaten against it in vain. Today it not only stands higher than at any earlier time in the esteem of the world but is, as we rejoice to know, stronger than ever as a business concern.

There is an actual sense in which the Manchester Guardian may be regarded as a self-revealing and self-fulfilling institution of the English-speaking peoples, and as such we may be permitted to take a common pride in its century of splendid achievement. But at the end the simple fact remains: that the explanation of the Guardian is to be sought in the character and purpose of its Editor. To few men in our time, we may acknowledge, has there been given an opportunity for public service more perfectly fitted to their gifts and quality than the one which came to C. P. Scott, and it would be true to say that in our modern world no man has taken his opportunity more finely. To journalists in every country his personality and record are an inspiration. And for Mr. Scott himself, as he receives this week the tribute of his fellows belonging to all parties and lands, there can be no knowledge or memory more grateful to his own noble and modest spirit than this: that throughout the almost completed half-century of his control no opponent of the Manchester Guardian has had reason to complain of harsh or unjust treatment at its hands.

For the Payment of the Debt

SHALL we ever get rid of the crushing burden of our war debt? Or must our children and children's children find themselves handicapped in every project of productive expenditure by the necessity of finding interest on twenty billions or more of permanent indebtedness? A reading of Secretary Mellon's letter to Chairman Fordney of the Ways and Means Committee is discouraging. With government expenditures running at the present rate—and the Secretary offers little hope that they can be materially reduced—the progress we shall make toward the extinction of debt will be modest indeed. And this in spite of the fact that no substantial relief in taxation is promised. The excess profits tax will be repealed, but its place will be taken by a flat tax on corporation profits yielding equivalent revenues. The surtaxes will be cut, but there is no intention of abating the yield of the income tax as a whole. Certain minor taxes that operate chiefly as nuisances will be abolished, but the biggest nuisance of all, the most oppressive tax on the statute books, relatively to its yield—the transportation tax—will be retained because we need the money. Customs duties must be made to yield a little more, and perhaps stamp taxes will be applied. And the net result of it all will be that we shall make ends meet and gain a little surplus to nurse along our floating indebtedness.

But has Secretary Mellon canvassed all the possible sources of revenue appropriate to the service of the debt? We think not, so long as he has made no proposal to develop the possibilities of the inheritance tax. It is a moderate estimate that the aggregate wealth passing by inheritance amounts now to between six and eight billions annually for the United States as a whole. Of that amount between four and five billions must consist of estates of $50,000 and over. A graduated estate duty, calculated to yield an average of ten per cent on the whole amount, in addition to existing taxes, would produce a revenue of between four and five hundred millions. Applied specifically to the redemption of the public debt, such a revenue would extinguish it in less than a generation, if the national wealth continues to increase at anything like the rate of the last normal decade. The payment of the debt would be effected in a still shorter period if the proceeds of the tax were used as a sinking fund for the purchase of bonds on which interest was paid into the sinking fund out of current revenues.

The fairness of such a tax hardly requires argument. We are about to reduce the rates on large incomes, not because such incomes are unjustly taxed but because the present rates are too high for

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collection in time of peace. An additional inheritance tax would be in some respects comparable to a deferred income tax, to be collected at the point where evasion is impossible. Secretary Mellon points to the existence of ten billions of tax free securities as a bar to the collection of the higher rates of the income tax. Those securities will almost all be found in estates of $50,000 and upward, and would be constitutionally subject to the tax. There is no other method available for making those ten billions contribute to the requirements of the government; for even if the constitutional amendment proposed by Secretary Mellon could be carried, it would only limit the future issue of tax free securities.

Nor could there be any question of a depressing effect on business. Every dollar taken from business by the tax would be returned to business through the purchase by the government of bonds outstanding. Exactly in the measure that the heirs lost control of funds for reinvestment, the persons relieved of their government bonds would secure funds for reinvestment.

We paid for the war out of our current production in time of war. Everything we used in the war, practically, was produced by our industry while we were conducting the war. The debt hangs over us as a colossal proof of our inability to make the financial facts square with the economic facts. We were unable to make wealth bear its share, as we made life bear its share. The wealth is still with us; and by a plan of taxation which is not unduly harsh nor destructive of business we can force it in the end to relieve the national budget of the burden of a perpetual debt.

The Significance of Napoleon

AGAINST the protests of the Socialists, France celebrates the centenary of the death of Napoleon. In this, as in many other cases, all the arguments of liberal rationalism seem clearly on one side, but the deeper instinctive admirations of men are to the contrary. It seems almost impossible to resist the obvious reflection that this is not a propitious time for France to remind the world that the most ruthless imperialist of modern times, the one to whom we are so largely indebted for the terrible burden of standing armies, was not of German origin. Moreover, it cannot be denied that the progress of historical studies has been seriously minimizing the value of Napoleon's achievements. It is not merely that in the light of scientific history Napoleon's campaigns are of little importance compared with the perfection of the steam-engine by Watt and the introduction of vaccination by Jenner. It is to facts like the latter that we must go if we are to understand the real basis of the remarkable increase in the population of Europe in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and of the material and social changes caused thereby.

But even from the point of view of conventional military and political history, Napoleon was a failure, and the sum of all his conquests a dead loss to France, from which she has not recovered. The positive political achievements which he and his apologists esteemed highest, viz., the administrative and the educational system of France and the Code Napoleon, all of which have been widely copied and have survived many revolutions, are now the objects of increasing disparagement. Even the most thorough-going nationalists are beginning to recognize the need of decentralization and of loosening the rule of the bureaucratic administrative system which is the heritage of Napoleon. Admirable as is the French national educational system in many respects, few today defend its appalling uniformity expressed in the legend that the minister of public instruction can look at his watch and tell what verb is being conjugated at that time in all the schools of France. The Napoleonic Civil Code, also, has few defenders against those who are pointing out that in its subordination of the wife to the husband, in its mechanical individualism and distrust of voluntary associations, and in its inadequate provision for the protection of the working classes, it has always been wofully antiquated.

Moreover, the institutions which Napoleon most abominated, parliamentary government, free press, and the profession of idealistic or humanistic sentiment and philosophy, have made most progress in the century since his death. Napoleon's own later program of liberal imperialism, which his supposed martydom at St. Helena and the atrocious stupidity of the reactionary Holy Alliance turned into a gospel of hope for the many, proved a broken reed. And when France relied on it, she suffered the terrible ignominy of 1870.

Yet, despite all this, and despite the long list of personal defects and coarseness of character, the vast majority of men do and will long continue to regard Napoleon Bonaparte as one of the greatest figures in human history. When sober historians of diverse faith such as the contributors to the Cambridge Modern History come to write of the nineteenth century, the figure of Napoleon stands out preeminent above all his contemporaries. For good or for ill his direct or indirect influence is a decisive factor in the struggles for liberalism and nationalism in Germany, Holland, Belgium, Russia, Poland, Jugoslavia, Greece, Italy, Spain and Span-

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ish America. It is vain to urge that the abolition of serfdom, and of hereditary class privileges, the emancipation of the Jews, the introduction of civil equality and toleration of religious diversity, were all bound to come even without Napoleon.

The fact is that it was his titanic energy that broke the fetters of mediaevalism which cramped the growth of a Europe beginning to find fresh life through new sciences and new industries based on them. A plain commoner, he made princes look ridiculous in the art supposed to be peculiarly their own, the art of war. Thereafter, the commonest peasant had no need to feel any fatal inferiority to kings and hereditary nobles. The bounds of his possibilities had been widened in the mind of the ordinary mortal, and what greater service can be rendered to the sons of men? After all, what has maintained the human race on this globe, despite all calamities of nature and the tragic failings of man, if not elemental human energy and faith in new possibilities? In both of these respects, Napoleon was a marvelous revelation, and unsophisticated mankind will long continue to accord him its naive admiration.

It is unfortunate that the great and beneficent achievements of the arts and sciences are not as readily visible to the untutored imagination as are the glories of war. But it would be equally unfortunate if the craving for glorious achievement were wiped out of human nature in the interest of the thrift and prudence in which the French are also supposed to excel. Those who become enlightened as to the savage waste of war, need not ignore the splendid gifts of mind and body which are used or wasted to produce successful military campaigns. Thorough mental discipline, unflinching honesty in looking facts in the face, continuous inventiveness, quick decision and prompt execution, —who makes all these qualities so visible to men as Napoleon? Who else has shown such marvelous capacity of mind and body, such amazing memory and physical endurance, and the inexhaustible patience which can master all the details of an enterprise and leave nothing to chance? Only obstinate folly or ignorance can deny supreme genius—though in an evil direction—to the man who won such marvelous victories and accomplished so many things previously thought impossible. It is well to remember that when finally his natural faculties began to decay and he was overthrown, it was only by those who were his pupils and even former aides.

It is well to demand that achievement be beneficent in its results. But we must also remember that all great achievement—altogether apart from the character of the results—is a triumph of mind over circumstance and therefore in itself a great human good. That is why men naturally admire Hannibal though the success of his cause might have been calamitous to the progress of civilization. That is also why, despite all his pettiness and his horrible disregard for life, millions worshipped Napoleon, and gave their lives enthusiastically for the "little corporal," and why the generations will continue to admire his achievements as they will continue to admire the heroes of Plutarch's Lives.

Unemployment

THREE million workers are out of employment today, according to the most moderate estimates. A much larger number, probably, are irregularly employed. What is the cost to the nation? The output of three million average workers must be worth, to themselves and to their employers, at least twenty millions a day. If we add ten millions a day for the part time and irregularly employed, we have thirty millions a day, as a rough approximation to the deficit in the national income produced by the present condition of industrial disorganization. If this condition were to be extended through the three hundred working days of the year the aggregate loss to our national income would amount to nine billions. That is nearly one half of the present value of the sums which the British and French are seeking to extort from Germany, for the sake of which they are ready to continue the state of war and chaos indefinitely. Yet the average citizen whose living is not directly menaced is very little disturbed by the accruing of these gigantic losses at home. He reflects optimistically that a period of unemployment may serve a useful purpose in teaching labor lessons of industry and thrift; or if he has studied economic life closely enough to realize that unemployment never contributes anything but demoralization, he accepts the situation fatalistically, as something beyond intelligent intervention, which can be cured only by time.

How is it possible, anyway, for the nation to deal with a malady whose causes lie beyond its control? The first cause of the present employment crisis was the war, which we did not make, and the insensate cupidity and passion for revenge of the peace makers, which we could not curb. The Germans, by their war making and the British and French by their peace making have ruined themselves and the whole of Europe, thus destroying the markets upon which our cotton and copper and wheat producers depended to put value into the products of their labor. Being unable to sell, our producers of export materials have been unable to

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buy, and the inevitable consequence has been that vast volumes of products designed for the domestic market are unsalable. Industry can not go on heaping up stocks which can not be sold. It has no alternative except to close down or go on short time.

We do not reject this explanation of the origin of the crisis in employment. There was no way by which we could have escaped altogether the consequences of the crimes and follies of European statecraft. Our fault has consisted in our unwillingness to face the facts and to adapt our production accordingly. From the first publication of the Treaty of Versailles it was plain to every practical minded observer that an early economic recovery of Europe was not to be thought of. Export trade, accordingly, was to be regarded as a decaying employment. If we had been a nation of limited natural resources, like England, with our economic life based upon imported food and raw materials, to be paid for out of credits derived from the export trade, we might have been justified in assuming a fatalistic attitude toward the coming state of distress. But the United States is not such a nation. Production for export is not a vital interest, since we do not depend on imports for the necessities of life. America could use all her productive power in producing commodities required within her own boundaries. We are not ignoring the fact that a costly process of adaptation would be required in thus diverting productive power from the export trade to the domestic trade. Nor are we ignoring the fact that our national welfare would attain to a higher level if we could trade freely with a prosperous Europe. But a prosperous Europe does not exist and will not soon come into existence. Accordingly it would have been the part of American common sense, from the moment when the character of the peace became apparent, to bend every effort to the diversion of productive power to the supplying of domestic needs, preferably the needs for permanent improvements. That is still the part of common sense.

Those needs are so well known that an enumeration of them is almost superfluous. We have made little progress toward solving the housing crisis. Millions of persons are improperly housed, and additional millions are paying rents in excess of a fair return on the houses or tenements they occupy. Yet probably a third of the building workers of the United States are unemployed. Enormous quantities of material and the services of hundreds of thousands of men would be required to put the physical equipment of our railways in the condition in which it will have to be put, within the next decade, unless American industry is to suffer from a chronic state of traffic congestion. Our most competent engineers agree that enormous savings could be effected through the creation of a comprehensive system of power supply. The creating of such a system would require the services of an enormous number of men. Scarcely any section of the country has all the improved roads it requires; scarcely any city has completed its program of paving, bridge building, etc. Almost every state has vast tracts of land now yielding nothing that could through reforestation be transformed into permanent productive assets. In most sections of the country labor and capital could be used profitably to create agricultural communities like that of Durham, California, where life and labor are incomparably more fruitful than they are under the hit and miss conditions of a planless individualism. The United States could use, to the permanent national advantage, all the three million unemployed now desperately anxious about tomorrow's bread.

The United States could use them, everyone would admit, if the United States were not in this connection a figure of speech corresponding to no reality but an aggregation of private employers, each primarily concerned with his own financial solvency, and of public officials reluctant to assume any obligation that might involve new financial outlays. The need is here for economic statecraft; but what of its organs? There are none adequate to the task.

If that is true it is time to create them. Does anyone doubt that the collective business interests of the nation could, if they would, turn the nation's productive resources to the supplying of the nation's needs? The business interests have now in command of the national government an administration of their choice. They can compel it to assume leadership in restoring the productive efficiency of the nation if they will.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1921, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER; DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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Waiting for Europe to Jell

IT has been observed of President Harding that he can contemplate a tangled snarl of wet fishline as long as anybody. He does not rush at and grapple with any trying, difficult, complicated, complex and intricate problem of disentanglement. He regards it with patience and gravity. He waits to see what will happen. He lets nature take its course for a while. Nothing is permanent in this disordered world, and many wounds and hurts heal by first intention. So they say letters, if left unanswered long enough, will answer themselves. It is one way of doing things, and Mr. Harding seems to like it. Whatever its merits or demerits as a policy, it has brought for the present, at any rate, great repose to Washington.

The same process holds good in cooking, I believe. Things are put in a pot and the pot is put on a hot fire until it begins to boil and bubble and threaten to run over and spill everything. At this moment, says the discreet cook book, put the pot on the back of the stove and let it simmer. Then serve when ready, garnished to suit the taste. That is precisely what Mr. Harding has done with the rancorous League controversy.

Now, as far as this town is concerned, all the heat and ill-will and acrid dispute of that affair is as remote as the Ballinger-Pinchot inquiry, and when *that* raucous outcry was at its top note civilization itself appeared to be three down and two to go. But now the reservationists, the mild reservationists, the bitter enders, the League the whole League and nothing but the League men, are merged into one group.

With the League rejected and the Colombian treaty accepted, what is to come next? Mr. Harding's use of the English language is baffling. I can't make out whether he is its most perfect master or whether he has lost all control. I know how Douglas Jerrold felt when he read Sordello. You will remember that the book was given to him when he was in sick-bed recovering from a severe illness. An hour later he was discovered in black despair and dissolved in tears. "I have recovered my health," he sobbed, "but my mind is irretrievably gone."

As to what will happen next Mr. Harding in his message says: "With the supergoverning league definitely rejected and with the world so informed and with the status of peace proclaimed at home, we may proceed to negotiate the covenanted relationships so essential to the recognition of all the rights everywhere of our own nation and play our full part in joining the people of the world in the pursuits of peace once more."

The only suitable comment that comes to me is: extrinsically, yes; intrinsically, no. But I have no doubt Mr. Harding is confident that everything will turn out for the best in the end. He may be right, at that. At any rate, the profile, at least, of a foreign policy seems at the present time to be emerging.

What finally led Mr. Harding to make up his mind about the League? One of the controlling reasons, I suspect, was the private and confidential reports he has received of conditions in Europe. These reports have been of such a character as to fortify strongly Mr. Harding's native indisposition to participate or to thrust himself except under urgent pressure into a muddled and mixed situation. There were, of course, other and obvious reasons operating here at home in the Senate to persuade Mr. Harding that membership in the League is not for us.

It is easier to discover why the League was rejected than why the Colombian treaty was accepted. It is taken for granted that there must have been some urgent, moving reason to induce Republican Senators, a Republican administration, and the Republican party suddenly to turn in their tracks and hastily adopt an instrument and a policy that they had denounced as blackmail for nearly eight years. But what that urgent reason is, the most diligent inquiry has failed to disclose. Only the word comes, direct and unimpeded, from the highest quarters that the ratification of the treaty was an act of "the greatest political wisdom." So it may have been, and assuming that it was, it would have been an act of even greater political wisdom to have accepted it in the very beginning of Wilson's first administration, when Mr. Bryan, then Secretary of State, submitted it to the Senate. As a reason for the sudden about-face and ratification, it fails to satisfy.

But there has not failed to follow a flood of cloudy gossip here where the whole affair is no more understood than it is out in the country, and the burden of that gossip is—oil. Some of this talk is furtive innuendo, and would have it that American oil interests having acquired rich concessions in Colombia have now by some hugger mugger induced the government to pay over $25,000,000 by way of confirming these grants and allaying the hostility of political elements in

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Colombia opposed to American exploitation of her natural resources without due compensation. In brief, this loose and irresponsible talk hints at a huge graft and incredible scandal, but not a fact is adduced, not a shred of proof is brought forward. It isn't pleasant to hear and can do nothing but harm.

Another and less sinister version is that since oil has become an absolutely essential national resource and since oil exists in large quantities not only in Colombia but in Venezuela and elsewhere in South America, the broadest and highest public policy dictates that we should in every way reassure South American opinion to the end that we may have access on equal terms, and without hostility, to the oil supplies. That it is not private graft, but public interest and possible future necessity that leads us now to leave nothing undone to win and hold the confidence of the Latin Americans. This may be the true reason for ratifying the treaty. I can only set it down for what it is worth.

I only know that when you go further and seek light from those who really do know, you are only told that it was an act of political wisdom. That, at any rate, has been my experience and I find upon inquiry that it has been the experience of other questing analysts. It is an odd business, and there seems to be precious little, if any, public curiousity about it.

Anyhow, we can kiss the $25,000,000 goodbye. That is gone, whether we get anything in return or not.

With respect, as Mr. Taft used so frequently to observe, with respect to Europe, the motivation of policy is more clearly apparent. I mean to say it is easier to see the wheels go round and what makes them go round. When the Germans ask Mr. Harding to mediate the reparations question, or take part in purely European discussions, I think he feels like a man who is asked to take a partnership in a business that is on fire. He has decided to stay out until the fire has been put down and an inventory can be taken of the damaged stock before putting any money in the enterprise, and becoming a partner. I suspect that fixing an indemnity or an ethnic or a political frontier in Europe is one of the last jobs in the world that Mr. Harding would care to tackle. He hasn't the world vision or any lust for world management. He hasn't any recipe for curing sick Europe. Besides he has got enough chores to do here at home to make his head ache when he thinks of them. Mr. Harding is waiting for Europe to jell.

Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes know that here at home, as well as in Europe, genuine recovery toward normal peace times will not come until the reparations question is settled; until Germany in all honesty and sincerity agrees to pay an indemnity that is acceptable to France, and shows a genuine desire to fulfill the agreement. That is the first thing. Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes are eager to see that result accomplished. But they do not believe that end would be hastened by any interfering or meddling on our part. They do not intend to fix the amount of reparations. They do not intend to act as intermediary except under clearly defined terms. The most important and significant phrases in the prompt reply to the first German note asking us to mediate were the declaration that we would "*consider* bringing the matter to the attention of the Allied governments in a *manner acceptable to them* . . ." That is the only basis upon which we will assist even detachedly.

I think I am justified in saying that the administration holds the two major threats to a reparations agreement to be: (a) a cynical, obstructive attitude on the part of Germany; a continued refusal to acknowledge her moral obligation to pay reparations to the full extent of her ability, a failure to look the facts squarely in the face, know that she is beaten and make amends, efforts to wriggle out of an indemnity by pretenses and counter-proposals that only exasperate France and fool nobody, and (b) the possibility that the element in France, now in the minority, which is more intent on destroying Germany economically than allowing her to regain a commercial prosperity that will enable her to pay a full and heavy indemnity, may gain the ascendency and complete the ruin of Europe. I think the present disposition of the administration is to believe that Germany has been playing directly into the hands of this element by the tactics she pursued up to the time she asked us to mediate.

I believe also there is a strong feeling here in responsible quarters that a reparations agreement would be hastened if the premiers would leave it to the economic experts to determine the amount and not make it a matter of politics. The adventures and mishaps of Mr. Wilson at Paris, it is held, ought to be a sufficient object lesson to heads of states who desire personally to conduct negotiations. Economists working in the cool area of their own domain ought to be able to determine to the last mark what Germany can pay.

There remains only in the field of foreign affairs our policy in the South Pacific and our relations with Japan. The turn of events there hinges on the attitude of Great Britain and that has not been disclosed. It is not yet a fit subject for speculation.

EDWARD G. LOWRY.

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How Germany Can Pay Most

IT is agreed on all hands that a large excess of exports is the only source from which large reparation payments can be derived. German pre-war trade normally exhibited a fifteen to twenty per cent excess of imports, which was more than offset by foreign payments on other accounts. Under various provisions of the Peace Treaty these means of payment have been lost. Making no allowance whatever for reparations, equilibrium of international payments for Germany requires greater exports relative to imports than in the years immediately preceding the war. When, in addition, account is taken of the loss of Alsace, of the unfavorable effect of the war on the buying power of the world generally, and of the probable adoption of extreme nationalistic trade policies by many countries including the United States, it becomes evident that a considerable excess of exports cannot be attained quickly and without profound changes in German industrial activities and customary standards of living.

There are, indeed, instances of the sudden transformation of the trade of certain countries from an excess of imports to an excess of exports. A striking and persistent change of this character in the foreign trade of the United States dates from 1873. Argentina and Uruguay furnish more recent examples. These were, however, all cases of countries with rich natural resources in process of rapid development in response to an intense demand in world markets for additional supplies of food and raw materials. The experience of these countries furnishes no indication of what may be possible for Germany, which has no rich undeveloped natural resources: German exports consist and must continue to consist mainly of manufactured products, in the marketing of which keen competition from producers in other countries is encountered.

In the discussion of the reparation problem attention has been concentrated on the possibilities of expansion of German exports. But a supply of exchange can also be made available through the contraction of imports. Possibilities in this direction deserve careful consideration because the limitation of imports presents a far less complicated problem than the expansion of exports and is a matter subject in large measure to control by the German government.

German imports consist of materials for various industries, necessary food supplies, and finally commodities for individual consumption, both comforts and luxuries. As a means of providing funds for reparations, only the importations of comforts and luxuries can be curtailed with advantage. Positive prohibitions or very high customs duties would be appropriate for the purpose. If the method of high duties were adopted, they should be at rates far above those which would yield the maximum of revenue. For revenue there are other sources. Among them, it would be fundamentally necessary to include drastic consumption taxes upon all articles of luxury produced in Germany itself. Otherwise restrictions on imports would tend to divert German labor and capital into the production of such goods. These taxes might be expected to have the further positive advantage of setting free much German capital and labor for the production of goods for foreign markets.

It is, of course, impossible to determine to what extent imports might be reduced by means of drastic restrictions, but the amount would certainly become large as German trade recovers from the effects of the war, a recovery which ability to pay large reparations presupposes. In thus compelling the general curtailment of expenditure on luxuries, no unreasonable burden would be imposed upon the German people. It is surely not necessary that Germans continue to consume on the pre-war scale either such imported goods as coffee, lemons or diamonds, or such domestic productions as table linen or cabaret entertainments. Reparation is burdensome and must entail sacrifice. Enforced contraction in consumption is an equitable means of apportioning this burden; it is also an essential means of ensuring ability to make large reparation payments.

Aside from a few not very important temporary limitations in the Peace Treaty, the German government enjoys entire freedom of action as regards imports. It is entirely feasible therefore to insist that restrictions on imports be included in any acceptable reparations proposal. The volume of German exports, on the other hand, will be largely determined by conditions in other countries and by the trade policies which they may adopt. Even so, there are important undertakings relating to exports to which the assent of the German government should be secured as an integral part of the reparations agreement. In particular, the Allies may properly insist that Germany balance its budget at once. Hitherto, no serious effort has been made to bring current expenditure within the limits of current revenue. An increasing deficit is being taken care of by means of increasing issues of paper money. Inflation at an accelerated rate has marked each half year since the armistice. Speculation has been inordinately stimulated, creating an illusion of prosperity, although in fact the industrial power of the country is being gradually undermined.

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Until the present spendthrift policy of the German government is revised, the good faith of reparations proposals coming from Berlin is open to grave question and the proposals themselves deserve no serious consideration.

In addition to the balancing of its budget, the German government should undertake to acquire all the exchange arising out of export that is not needed to pay for indispensable imports. To determine, even provisionally, the percentage of the total amount of exchange that the government should purchase, would require a detailed analysis of German industry and trade by experts. Assuming, for sake of illustration, that twenty per cent were found to be the feasible proportion, the German government would purchase the exchange from exporters, making payment in German currency, due allowance being made for the depreciation of that currency as registered in current rates of foreign exchange. Under this arrangement, no burden whatever would be imposed on the exporter, and no obstacle would be raised against the development of German export business such as the absurd export tax provision in the reparation scheme recently formulated by the Allied governments. The application of a definite proportion of the exchange derived from German exports to reparations would have the conspicuous advantage of bringing home to the people in the countries receiving reparations that obstacles raised against German trade must have a directly unfavorable effect on the amount of those payments.

It may be objected to this arrangement that no definite amount would be received year by year and that consequently the period within which liquidation of the indemnity must be completed could not be determined. Objections of this character are valid, but they are of slight consequence. In framing reparation proposals quite undue importance has been attached to the determination of the number of years within which the indemnity shall be liquidated. Much of the indebtedness incurred during the war will presumably be outstanding a hundred years hence. If Germany is then still making indemnity payments, it would have no peculiar ground for complaint. French taxpayers are still providing funds to meet the interest on obligations of their government incurred as a result of the indemnity imposed on France in 1871. It is, however, desirable, as in the case of France, that the obligations of the German government on indemnity account should become, at the earliest possible moment, obligations to individuals throughout the world rather than remain obligations to the Allied governments. Direct indemnity payments for the national errors of a past generation would prove a constant source of irritation, jeopardizing the continuance of payments and perhaps contributing to the outbreak of a future war. To the Allies also, urgently in need of funds, settlement with Germany in the near future is of vital importance. Clearly then, a satisfactory reparations arrangement must be one under which indemnity obligations can soon be funded into long term bond issues acceptable to investors throughout the world. At the present time, the negotiation of a considerable foreign loan by Germany is wholly impracticable. To attract the investor, there must be positive evidence of the ability of Germany to provide money for interest and sinking funds. The plan here outlined has been designed with the definite object in view of supplying, at the earliest possible moment, a clear indication of the ability of Germany to support external loans. Contraction of imports and the balancing of the budget are essential requirements, but the amount of exchange acquired by the German government would furnish the measure of the borrowing capacity. The initial loan might be of moderate proportions, but every increase in the volume of German trade would provide the basis for further issues. Under this arrangement it requires no extreme optimism regarding the future course of German trade to predict that the entire indemnity could be funded within a period of from ten to fifteen years.

As a supplementary measure, special provisions designed to secure considerable payments in the immediate future should be adopted. Here little can be accomplished without positive action on the part of the countries which are to receive the indemnity payments. While there is a natural preference in France for the use of the products of French industry in the restoration of devastated areas, it is reasonable to presume that the work would be hastened if some part of the needed materials was secured from Germany. Timber, for example, the supply of which in France is small, might well be requisitioned from the German government, its value being credited on reparations account. The disturbing effect of the receipts of coal and ships under the terms of the Peace Treaty does indeed indicate that agreements to take large quantities of specific goods may prove unsatisfactory. No such objection, however, can be raised against a succession of orders for specific quantities of goods for definite and unusual purposes. In this connection, it is to be noted that a serious problem of readjustment will confront French industry when reconstruction is completed, if the work is entirely conducted by French producers. From every point of view, therefore, it would be in accord with sound policy to take from Germany a part of the material required for reconstruction.

O. M. W. SPRAGUE.

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The Death of Prince Albert

[This is the seventh of a series of eleven articles, taken from Lytton Strachey's Life of Queen Victoria, which are now appearing in the New Republic.]

THE weak-willed youth who took no interest in politics and never read a newspaper had grown into a man of unbending determination whose tireless energies were incessantly concentrated upon the laborious business of government and the highest questions of State. He was busy now from morning till night. In the winter, before the dawn, he was to be seen, seated at his writing-table, working by the light of the green reading-lamp which he had brought over with him from Germany, and the construction of which he had much improved by an ingenious device. Victoria was early too, but she was not so early as Albert; and when, in the chill darkness, she took her seat at her own writing-table, placed side by side with his, she invariably found upon it a neat pile of papers, arranged for her inspection and her signature. The day, thus begun, continued in unremitting industry. At breakfast, the newspapers —the once hated newspapers—made their appearance, and the Prince, absorbed in their perusal, would answer no questions, or, if an article struck him, would read it aloud. After that there were ministers and secretaries to interview; there was a vast correspondence to be carried on; there were numerous memoranda to be made. Victoria, treasuring every word, preserving every letter, was all breathless attention and eager obedience. Sometimes Albert would actually ask her advice. He consulted her about his English: "Lese recht aufmerksam, und sage wenn irgend ein Fehler ist," * he would say; or, as he handed her a draft for her signature, he would observe "Ich hab' Dir hier ein Draft gemacht, lese es mal! Ich dächte es wäre recht so." † Thus the diligent, scrupulous, absorbing hours passed by. Fewer and fewer grew the moments of recreation and of exercise. The demands of society were narrowed down to the smallest limits, and even then but grudgingly attended to. It was no longer a mere pleasure, it was a positive necessity, to go to bed as early as possible, in order to be up and at work on the morrow betimes.

The important and exacting business of government, which became at last the dominating preoccupation in Albert's mind, still left unimpaired his old tastes and interests; he remained devoted to art, to science, to philosophy; and a multitude of subsidiary activities showed how his energies increased as the demands upon them grew. For whenever duty called, the Prince was all alertness. With indefatigable perseverance he opened Museums, laid the foundation stones of hospitals, made speeches to the Royal Agricultural Society, and attended meetings of the British Association. The National Gallery particularly interested him: he drew up careful regulations for the arrangement of the pictures according to Schools; and he attempted—though in vain—to have the whole collection transported to South Kensington. Feodora, now the Princess Hohenlohe, after a visit to England, expressed in a letter to Victoria her admiration of Albert both as a private and a public character. Nor did she rely only on her own opinion. "I must just copy out," she said, "what Mr. Klumpp wrote to me some little time ago, and which is quite true—'Prince Albert is one of the few Royal personages who can sacrifice to any principle (as soon as it has become evident to them to be good and noble) all those notions (or sentiments) to which others, owing to their narrow-mindedness, or to the prejudices of their rank, are so thoroughly inclined strongly to cling.' There is something so truly religious in this," the Princess added, "as well as humane and just, most soothing to my feelings, which are so often hurt and disturbed by what I hear and see."

Victoria, from the depth of her heart, subscribed to all the eulogies of Feodora and Mr. Klumpp. She only found that they were insufficient. As she watched her beloved Albert, after toiling with state documents and public functions, devoting every spare moment of his time to domestic duties, to artistic appreciation, and to intellectual improvement, as she listened to him cracking his jokes at the luncheon table, or playing Mendelssohn on the organ, or pointing out the merits of Sir Edwin Landseer's pictures, as she followed him round while he gave instructions about the breeding of cattle, or decided that the Gainsboroughs must be hung higher up so that the Winterhalters might be properly seen—she felt perfectly certain that no other wife had ever had such a husband. His mind was apparently capable of everything, and she was hardly surprised to learn that he had made an im-

* "Read this carefully, and tell me if there are any mistakes in it."

† "Here is a draft I have made for you. Read it. I should think this would do."

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portant discovery for the conversion of sewage into agricultural manure. Filtration from below upwards, he explained, through some appropriate medium, which retained the solids, and set free the fluid sewage for irrigation, was the principle of the scheme. "All previous plans," he said, "would have cost millions; mine costs next to nothing." Unfortunately, owing to a slight miscalculation, the invention proved to be impracticable; but Albert's intelligence was unrebuffed; and he plunged with all his accustomed ardor into a prolonged study of the rudiments of lithography.

But naturally it was upon his children that his private interests and those of Victoria were concentrated most vigorously. The royal nurseries showed no sign of emptying. The birth of the Prince Arthur in 1850 was followed, three years later, by that of the Prince Leopold; and in 1857 the Princess Beatrice was born. A family of nine must be, in any circumstances, a grave responsibility; and the Prince realized to the full how much the high destinies of his offspring intensified the need of parental care. It was inevitable that he should believe profoundly in the importance of education; he himself had been the product of education; Stockmar had made him what he was; it was for him, in his turn, to be a Stockmar—to be even more than a Stockmar to the young creatures he had brought into the world. Victoria would assist him; Stockmar, no doubt, she could hardly be; but she could be perpetually vigilant, she could mingle strictness with her affection, and she could always set a good example. These considerations, of course, applied preeminently to the education of the Prince of Wales. How tremendous was the significance of every particle of influence which went to the making of the future King of England! Albert set to work with a will. But, watching with Victoria the minutest details of the physical, intellectual, and moral training of his children, he soon perceived, to his distress, that there was something unsatisfactory in the development of his eldest son. The Princess Royal was an extremely intelligent child; but Bertie, though he was good-humored and gentle, seemed to display a deep-seated repugnance to every form of mental exertion. This was most regrettable, but the remedy was obvious; the parental efforts must be redoubled; instruction must be multiplied; not for a single instant must the educational pressure be allowed to relax. Accordingly, more tutors were selected, the curriculum was revised, the time-table of studies was rearranged, elaborate memoranda dealing with every possible contingency were drawn up. It was above all essential that there should be no slackness: "work," said the Prince, "must be work." And work indeed it was. The boy grew up amid a ceaseless round of paradigms, syntactical exercises, dates, genealogical tables, and lists of capes. Constant notes flew backwards and forwards between the Prince, the Queen, and the tutors, with inquiries, with reports of progress, with detailed recommendations; and these notes were all carefully preserved for future reference. It was, besides, vital that the heir to the throne should be protected from the slightest possibility of contamination from the outside world. The Prince of Wales was not as other boys; he might, occasionally, be allowed to invite some sons of the nobility, boys of good character, to play with him in the garden of Buckingham Palace; but his father presided, with alarming precision, over their sports. In short, every possible precaution was taken, every conceivable effort was made. Yet, strange to say, the object of all this vigilance and solicitude continued to be unsatisfactory—appeared, in fact, to be positively growing worse. It was certainly very odd: the more lessons that Bertie had to do, the less he did them; and the more carefully he was guarded against excitements and frivolities, the more desirous of mere amusement he seemed to become. Albert was deeply grieved and Victoria was sometimes very angry; but grief and anger produced no more effect than supervision and time-tables. The Prince of Wales, in spite of everything, grew up into manhood without the faintest sign of "adherence to and perseverance in the plan both of studies and life"—as one of the Royal memoranda put it—which had been laid down with such extraordinary forethought by his father.

. . .

The same year which deprived Albert of the Princess Royal brought him another and a still more serious loss. The Baron had paid his last visit to England. For twenty years, as he himself said in a letter to the King of the Belgians, he had performed "the laborious and exhausting office of a paternal friend and trusted adviser" to the Prince and the Queen. He was seventy; he was tired, physically and mentally; it was time to go. He returned to his home in Coburg, exchanging, once for all, the momentous secrecies of European statecraft for the tittle-tattle of a provincial capital and the gossip of family life. In his stiff chair by the fire, he nodded now over old stories—not of Emperors and generals—but of neighbors and relatives and the domestic adventures of long ago—the burning of his father's library—and the goat that ran upstairs to his sister's room, and ran twice round the table, and then ran down again. Dyspepsia and depression still attacked him; but, looking back over his life, he was not dissatisfied. His

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conscience was clear. "I have worked as long as I had strength to work," he said, "and for a purpose no one can impugn. The consciousness of this is my reward—the only one which I desired to earn."

Apparently, indeed, his "purpose" had been accomplished. By his wisdom, his patience, and his example, he had brought about, in the fullness of time, the miraculous metamorphosis of which he had dreamed. The Prince was his creation. An indefatigable toiler, presiding, for the highest ends, over a great nation—that was his achievement; and he looked upon his work, and it was good. But had the Baron no misgivings? Did he never wonder whether, perhaps, he might have accomplished, not too little, but too much? How subtle and how dangerous are the snares which Fate lays for the wariest of men! Albert, certainly, seemed to be everything that Stockmar could have wished—virtuous, industrious, persevering, intelligent. And yet—why was it?—all was not well with him. He was sick at heart.

For, in spite of everything, he had never reached to happiness. His work, for which at last he came to crave with an almost morbid appetite, was a solace and not a cure; the dragon of his dissatisfaction devoured with dark relish that ever-growing tribute of laborious days and nights; but it was hungry still. The causes of his melancholy were hidden, mysterious, unanalyzable perhaps—too deeply rooted in the innermost recesses of his temperament for the eye of reason to apprehend. There were contradictions in his nature, which, to some of those who knew him best, made him seem an inexplicable enigma; he was severe and gentle; he was modest and scornful; he longed for affection and he was cold. He was lonely, not merely with the loneliness of exile, but with the loneliness of conscious and unrecognized superiority. He had the pride, at once resigned and overweening, of a doctrinaire. And yet to say that he was simply a doctrinaire would be a false description; for the pure doctrinaire rejoices always in an internal contentment, and Albert was very far from doing that. There was something that he wanted and that he could never get. What was it? Some absolute, some ineffable sympathy? Some extraordinary, some sublime success? Possibly, it was a mixture of both. To dominate and to be understood! To conquer, by the same triumphant influence, the submission and the appreciation of men—that would be worth while indeed! But, to such imaginations, he saw too clearly how faint were the responses of his actual environment. Who was there who appreciated him, really and truly? Who *could* appreciate him in England? And, if the gentle virtue of an inward excellence availed so little, could he expect more from the hard ways of skill and force? The terrible land of his exile loomed before him a frigid, an impregnable mass. Doubtless he had made some slight impression: it was true that he had gained the respect of his fellow workers, that his probity, his industry, his exactitude, had been recognized, that he was a highly influential, an extremely important man. But how far, how very far, was all this from the goal of his ambitions! How feeble and futile his efforts seemed against the enormous coagulation of dullness, of folly, of slackness, of ignorance, of confusion that confronted him! He might have the strength or the ingenuity to make some small change for the better here or there—to rearrange some detail, to abolish some anomaly, to insist upon some obvious reform; but the heart of the appalling organism remained untouched. England lumbered on, impervious and self-satisfied, in her old intolerable course. He threw himself across the path of the monster with rigid purpose and set teeth; but he was brushed aside. Yes! even Palmerston was still unconquered—was still there to afflict him with his jauntiness, his muddle-headedness, his utter lack of principle. It was too much. Neither Nature nor the Baron had given him a sanguine spirit; the seeds of pessimism, once lodged within him, flourished in a propitious soil. He

> questioned things, and did not find
> One that would answer to his mind;
> And all the world appeared unkind.

He believed that he was a failure, and he began to despair.

Yet Stockmar had told him that he must "never relax," and he never would. He would go on, working to the utmost and striving for the highest, to the bitter end. His industry grew almost maniacal. Earlier and earlier was the green lamp lighted; more vast grew the correspondence; more searching the examination of the newspapers; the interminable memoranda more punctilious, analytical, and precise. His very recreations became duties. He enjoyed himself by time-table, went deer-stalking with meticulous gusto, and made puns at lunch—it was the right thing to do. The mechanism worked with astonishing efficiency; but it never rested, and it was never oiled. In dry exactitude the innumerable cog-wheels perpetually revolved. No, whatever happened, the Prince would not relax; he had absorbed the doctrines of Stockmar too thoroughly. He knew what was right, and, at all costs, he would pursue it. That was certain. But alas! in this our life, what are the certainties?

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"In nothing be over-zealous!" says an old Greek. "The due measure in all the works of man is best. For often one who zealously pushes towards some excellence, though he be pursuing a gain, is really being led utterly astray by the will of some Demon, which makes those things that are evil seem to him good, and those things seem to him evil that are for his advantage." Surely, both the Prince and the Baron might have learnt something from the frigid wisdom of Theognis.

Victoria noticed that her husband sometimes seemed to be depressed and overworked. She tried to cheer him up. Realizing uneasily that he was still regarded as a foreigner, she hoped that by conferring upon him the title of Prince Consort (1857) she would improve his position in the country. "The Queen has a right to claim that her husband should be an Englishman," she wrote. But unfortunately, in spite of the Royal Letters Patent, Albert remained as foreign as before. And, as the years passed, his dejection deepened. She worked with him, she watched over him, she walked with him through the woods at Osborne, while he whistled to the nightingales, as he had whistled once at Rosenau so long ago. When his birthday came round, she took the greatest pains to choose him presents that he would really like. In 1858, when he was thirty-nine, she gave him "a picture of Beatrice, life-size, in oil, by Horsley, a complete collection of photographic views of Gotha and the country round, which I had taken by Bedford, and a paper-weight of Balmoral granite and deers' teeth, designed by Vicky." Albert was of course delighted, and his merriment, at the family gathering, was more pronounced than ever. And yet . . . what was there that was wrong?

No doubt, it was his health. He was wearing himself out in the service of the country. And certainly his constitution, as Stockmar had perceived from the first, was ill adapted to meet a serious strain. He was easily upset; he constantly suffered from minor ailments. His appearance in itself was enough to indicate the infirmity of his physical powers. The handsome youth of twenty years since with the flashing eyes and the soft complexion had grown into a sallow, tired-looking man, whose body, in its stoop, and its loose fleshiness, betrayed the sedentary laborer, and whose head was quite bald on the top. Unkind critics, who had once compared Albert to an operatic tenor, might have remarked that there was something of the butler about him now. Beside Victoria he presented a painful contrast. She too was stout, but it was with the plumpness of a vigorous matron; and an eager vitality was everywhere visible—in her energetic bearing, her protruding, enquiring glances, her small, fat, capable, and commanding hands. If only, by some sympathetic magic, she could have conveyed into that portly flabby figure, that dessicated and discouraged brain, a measure of the stamina and the self-assurance which were so pre-eminently hers!

But suddenly she was reminded that there were other perils besides those of ill-health. During a visit to Coburg, in 1860, the Prince was very nearly killed in a carriage accident. He escaped with a few cuts and bruises; but Victoria's alarm was extreme, though she concealed it. "It is when the Queen feels most deeply," she wrote afterwards, "that she always appears calmest, and she could not and dared not allow herself to speak of what might have been, or even to admit to herself (and she cannot and dare not now) the entire danger, for her head would turn!" Her agitation, in fact, was only surpassed by her thankfulness to God. She felt, she said, that she could not rest "without doing something to mark permanently her feelings," and she decided that she would endow a charity in Coburg. "£1,000, or even £2,000, given either at once, or in instalments yearly, would not, in the Queen's opinion, be too much." Eventually, the smaller sum having been fixed upon, it was invested in a trust, called the "Victoria-Stift," in the name of the Burgomaster and chief clergyman of Coburg, who were directed to distribute the interest yearly among a certain number of young men and women of exemplary character, belonging to the humbler ranks of life.

Shortly afterwards, the Queen underwent, for the first time in her life, the actual experience of close personal loss. Early in 1861 the Duchess of Kent was taken seriously ill, and in March she died. The event overwhelmed Victoria. With a morbid intensity, she filled her Diary for pages with minute descriptions of her mother's last hours, her dissolution, and her corpse, interspersed with vehement apostrophes, and the agitated outpourings of emotional reflection. In the grief of the present the disagreements of the past were totally forgotten. It was the horror and the mystery of Death —Death present and actual—that seized upon the imagination of the Queen. Her whole being, so instinct with vitality, recoiled in agony from the grim spectacle of the triumph of that awful power. Her own mother, with whom she had lived so closely and so long that she had become a part almost of her existence, had fallen into nothingness before her very eyes! She tried to forget it, but she could not. Her lamentations continued with a strange abundance, a strange persistency. It was almost as if, by some mysterious and unconscious precognition, she realized that for her, in an

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especial manner, that grisly Majesty had a dreadful dart in store.

For indeed, before the year was out, a far more terrible blow was to fall upon her. Albert, who had for long been suffering from sleeplessness, went, on a cold and drenching day towards the end of November, to inspect the buildings for the new Military Academy at Sandhurst. On his return, it was clear that the fatigue and exposure to which he had been subjected had seriously affected his health. He was attacked by rheumatism, his sleeplessness continued, and he complained that he felt thoroughly unwell. Three days later a painful duty obliged him to visit Cambridge. The Prince of Wales, who had been placed at that University in the previous year, was behaving in such a manner that a parental visit and a parental admonition had become necessary. The disappointed father, suffering in mind and body, carried through his task; but, on his return journey to Windsor, he caught a fatal chill. During the next week, he gradually grew weaker and more miserable. Yet, depressed and enfeebled as he was, he continued to work. It so happened that at that very moment a grave diplomatic crisis had arisen. Civil war had broken out in America, and it seemed as if England, owing to a violent quarrel with the Northern States, was upon the point of being drawn into the conflict. A severe despatch by Lord Russell was submitted to the Queen; and the Prince perceived that, if it was sent off unaltered, war would be the almost inevitable consequence. At seven o'clock on the morning of December 1st, he rose from his bed, and with a quavering hand wrote a series of suggestions for the alteration of the draft, by which its language might be softened, and a way left open for a peaceful solution of the question. These changes were accepted by the Government, and war was averted. It was the Prince's last memorandum.

He had always declared that he viewed the prospect of death with equanimity. "I do not cling to life," he had once said to Victoria. "You do; but I set no store by it." And then he had added, "I am sure, if I had a severe illness, I should give up at once, I should not struggle for life. I have no tenacity of life." He had judged correctly. Before he had been ill many days, he told a friend that he was convinced he would not recover. He sank and sank. Nevertheless, if his case had been properly understood and skilfully treated from the first, he might conceivably have been saved; but the doctors failed to diagnose his symptoms; and it is noteworthy that his principle physician was Sir James Clark.* When it was suggested that other advice should be taken, Sir James pooh-poohed the idea: "there was no cause for alarm," he said. But the strange illness grew worse. At last, after a letter of fierce remonstrance from Palmerston, Dr. Watson was sent for; and Dr. Watson saw at once that he had come too late. The Prince was in the grip of typhoid fever. "I think that everything so far is satisfactory," said Sir James Clark.

The restlessness and the acute suffering of the earlier days gave place to a settled torpor and an ever-deepening gloom. Once the failing patient asked for music—"a fine chorale at a distance"; and a piano having been placed in the adjoining room, Princess Alice played on it some of Luther's hymns, after which the Prince repeated The Rock of Ages. Sometimes his mind wandered; sometimes the distant past came rushing upon him; he heard the birds in the early morning, and was at Rosenau again, a boy. Or Victoria would come and read to him Peveril of the Peak, and he showed that he could follow the story, and then she would bend over him, and he would murmur "liebes Frauchen" and "gutes Weibchen" stroking her cheek. Her distress and her agitation were great, but she was not seriously frightened. Buoyed up by her own abundant energies, she would not believe that Albert's might prove unequal to the strain. She refused to face such a hideous possibility. She declined to see Dr. Watson. What was the use? Had not Sir James Clark assured her that all would be well? Only two days before the end, which was seen now to be almost inevitable by everyone about her, she wrote, full of apparent confidence, to the King of the Belgians. "I do not sit up with him at night," she said, "as I could be of no use; and there is nothing to cause alarm.* The Princess Alice tried to tell her the truth, but her hopefulness would not be daunted. On the morning of the 14th of December, Albert, just as she had expected, seemed to be better; perhaps the crisis was over. But in the course of the day there was a serious relapse. Then at last she allowed herself to see that she was standing on the edge of an appalling gulf. The whole family was summoned, and, one after another, the children took a silent farewell of their father. "It was a terrible moment," Victoria wrote in her diary, "but, thank God; I was able to command myself, and to be perfectly calm, and remained sitting by his side." He murmured something, but she could not hear what it was; she thought he was speaking in French. Then all

* The royal physician, whom Victoria had retained, in spite of protests against his brutality, since before her marriage.

* "One cannot speak with certainty; but it is horrible to think that such a life *may* have been sacrificed to Sir J. Clark's selfish jealousy of every member of his profession." —The Earl of Clarendon to the Duchess of Manchester, Dec. 17th, 1861.

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at once he began to arrange his hair, "just as he used to do when well and he was dressing." "Es ist kleines Frauchen," she whispered to him; and he seemed to understand. For a moment, towards the evening, she went into another room, but was immediately called back: she saw at a glance that a ghastly change had taken place. As she knelt by the bed, he breathed deeply, breathed gently, breathed at last no more. His features became perfectly rigid; she shrieked—one long wild shriek that rang through the terror-stricken Castle—and understood that she had lost him for ever.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

(*To be continued.*)

The Economic Interpretation of Jazz

A FRIEND of mine was approached the other day by the Inquiring Reporter. "Is modern dancing immoral?" he was asked. Naturally, since he seemed old and rather stiff in his joints, I expected him to answer "Yes." But he did not. He said with a professorial air: "It is necessary." And repeated it. Whereupon he began a dissertation which might be called an economic interpretation of dancing,—while the Inquiring Reporter crept quietly away in search of saner responses. I, however, listened, because it seemed rude to appear uninterested in the face of such fluent mental excitement. I can give in substance his line of thought, which he bolstered up with innumerable statistics about ground rents and city populations. These last I cannot give, however. But his general argument was rather simple, and I am obliged to confess, clever.

In the first place, I liked his anger at being asked "Is modern dancing immoral?" He fairly thundered, "It is necessary! Moral or immoral, forsooth. Under our economic system," he said, "it could not be otherwise. Nor is jazz music anything but necessary."

Because, he went on to propound, in earlier times America was a huge sparsely populated country. The inhabitants lived on large farms. The barn was built to protect their livelihood. It was the source of their existence and consequently their merriment and pleasure. They danced in it, of course, when they celebrated any festival. And their dance was adapted to the vast space it provided. What did they dance? Among other things, the Virginia Reel. Note the unlimited space suggested by the word "Reel." It made no difference by what circuitous route they migrated from place to place. They had all the height, depth and width they needed. Moreover, barns were chilly. Broad rhythms and much motion kept them warm.

Then some families grew a little richer than others. It became impossible to invite the community into the barn. The handsome manor house marked their gentility. This gentility was preserved by a certain amount of exclusiveness. Carefully selected invitations were issued, therefore, and the parties moved into the somewhat more circumscribed though still ample boundaries of the ball-room. Now it became easier to manage revolving couples, rather than a long line of stamping hoodlums; besides it saved the furniture. The old fashioned waltz with a dreamy unhurried rhythm, with its wide circling movement, couples held at arms length from each other, with room and to spare for four feet apiece, came into vogue.

And now, said he, jumping rather ludicrously to his conclusions, what takes place? The life of trade moves population into the cities, rents soar, space is cramped. Men and women must and will dance, to be sure. But what chance have couples held wide apart, swaying in extravagant rhythms to the old-fashioned waltz, what chance have they, for pleasure or their lives on a cabaret floor, nineteen by forty feet—hundreds of them together? Of course, I saw his point. "Now, the problem of modern dancing is to gain the maximum of motion in the minimum of space. And what do we have?" he proceeded dramatically. "The shimmy, a violent agitation of the entire body in an excessively confined area. What kind of music do we have? The jazz,—a quantity of tiny beats to one short measure. All the dreaminess hustled out of it. Syncopation to the thirty-second note."

Music and the dance have become more and more restricted, the intensity increasing in direct ratio to the rise in rents. The two-step occupied less latitude than the waltz; it was naturally followed by the one-step. This latter did not produce the required motion, so the trot eventuated, the needed range being gained perpendicularly. This fell into the toddle, and that word, as well as any, signifies the point to which the commercial age has stultified the dance. But still the syncopated beat does not go by without being recaptured. The stationary toe with the ankles waving is all, however, accommodations afford. So conscientiously, in fact, is the rhythm followed that a couple may progress only half the length of the prescribed area during a single encore. The slow horizontal motion makes for safety, too. And men and women are obliged to cling closely together in order to move at all. What, in fact, does the much discussed cheek to cheek dancing result from? The ethics of it cause infinite worry. But its necessity is an argument inescapable. Two or three years ago, it was

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enough that the man should watch for approaching disaster in the hurricane descent of a comrade couple, and the lady be guided accordingly. Not so any more. It takes the watchful eye of both participants now to guard themselves from rude jostling imminent on every hand. What is to be done, save that the lady turn her face forward also? And what then is to be done, with the allotted space for one pair already congested? Nothing, save to lay her cheek to his cheek for further crowding. And so it goes on—the heat engendered in these overpacked rooms with no air leading inevitably again to the lower-necked gown. One moral question after the other becomes a question merely of rents. Now the confiscation of economic rent by the single tax would. . . .

At these words I realized that I had been listening with rapt attention to a fatal bore, and I fled to fulfill an engagement in the supper room of a nearby hotel for a little musical exercise before dinner. Hardly had I found a table and glanced around when I saw a familiar figure on the crowded floor. My single tax friend had preceded me apparently by several minutes. He was toddling divinely with a decided blonde.

RUTH PICKERING.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Railway Wage Controversy

SIR: Discussing the general merits of the railway wage controversy on page 122 of your issue of March 30, 1921, you asserted that "the policy of throwing the deficit upon the workers is condemned by its palpable injustice."

Using the Bureau of Labor Statistics index number of retail food prices as an index of changes in general retail prices, I find that on February 1, 1921, the purchasing power of railway wages ranged from about 128 per cent to 175 per cent of pre-war levels (according to the power of organization of the various groups), the general average being about *147 per cent.* On the same date the purchasing power of the incomes of railway investors stood at about *62 per cent* of the pre-war level. The total amount of railway wages paid in 1920 was roughly *2.75 times* the amount paid in 1914, while there was *no increase whatever* in the amount paid to investors.

Please state whether these facts warrant your inference (1) that the chief reason for recent railway deficits is traffic curtailment rather than wage increases and (2) that "lower (money) wages and unemployment mean starvation to the men and their families." Furthermore, is it not a fact that in "trying to shift the loss to the laborer" the railways are only trying to reduce in part *the workers' 47 per cent GAIN* in real incomes rather than to increase *the 38 per cent ABSOLUTE LOSS* in the real incomes of their investors? What foundation is there for your statement (April 6, p. 149) that "the railways are bent on working back to pre-war wages and hours while retaining war freight and passenger rates"?

When you omitted the facts above cited from your indictment of the railways, was it because you were unaware of the facts or because you considered them irrelevant?

Merriam Park, Minnesota. FRANK F. ANDERSON.

[Our correspondent has evidently misconstrued the editorial which he criticizes. The argument of that editorial was addressed to the general principle: Should or should not the financial condition of the roads in general, or of particular roads, be taken into account in determining the rate of wages paid to railway labor? Should the men working for roads that are financially embarrassed be compelled to take lower rates of pay than men who perform similar services on prosperous roads? Should railway employees generally receive rates of pay fluctuating with the general prosperity of the roads? The New Republic takes the position that under the present system of railway operation wages ought to be fixed by the independent determination of a decent standard of living, with such concessions to outside standards of payment as general economic considerations prescribe. If railway labor participated in the management and some part of its reward were in the nature of profits it would be in order to attempt to relate wages to the general prosperity of the roads. Since it is not, the right to a decent standard as a preferred claim on earnings appears to us indefeasible. We recognize that capital must also receive the minimum necessary to attract it to the railway industry, if private operation is to succeed. And when the earnings are not sufficient to meet the legitimate claims of both labor and capital, the nation, as we pointed out, is faced with a grave dilemma. We admitted that we are in no position to offer a solution.

As to the question whether wages are in fact too high at present, justifying a reduction irrespective of the financial conditions of the road, we did not discuss it, because it was irrelevant to the question of principle. Wages may be too high. There may be altogether too many men employed for a given service. There is some force in our correspondent's figures as to cost of living, in this connection. The force, he would no doubt admit, is limited by the fact that food prices alone are not a satisfactory index of the cost of living, and by the further and more fundamental fact that pre-war wages may not have been so generous that a material increase, measured in purchasing power, would be unjustifiable. If after complete investigation of all pertinent facts of this character the Railway Labor Board decides that wages must come down we shall recognize the justice of the decision. But that is a very different thing from reducing wages in the degree that the financial condition of the roads might demand. If Mr. Anderson will reexamine the editorial in question, he will see that in quoting the statement "lower (money) wages and unemployment mean starvation to the men and their families" he omitted the introductory words "even if." The statement was not an inference as to what would happen if present wages were cut. It was an inference as to what might happen if the principle of making wages depend on the financial condition of the roads were granted. "Trying to shift the loss to the laborer," in its context is obviously concerned with the same principle, not with any current attempt to reduce wages where they are inherently unreasonable. As for our statement that the railways are bent on working back to pre-war wages while retaining war freight and passenger rates, we are generalizing on the mass of railway propaganda that comes to our desk, wherein we find voluminous argument for a cut in wages, but only the vaguest suggestions of a simultaneous cut in rates, if any at all.

We agree with Mr. Anderson that the railway investor suffers injustice when prices go up and his income does not. A great part of the holders of railway bonds are persons of modest means, dependent on the income from the bonds for a living, and a general rise in prices robs that income of part of its real value. But we know of no proposal to use increased railway profits to pay a "cost of living bonus" to the railway bond holders. It would be difficult to devise such a bonus that would not work injustice through the inflation of the capital value of the bonds, in a world in which all other recipients of fixed income suffer from the same disability under rising prices. We would suggest that Mr. Anderson and other persons who see this defect in the operation of our financial system more clearly than the professional financiers do, could do a great public service by creating and popularizing a "real income bond," a bond yielding an interest fluctuating in the reverse order of the cost of living. Then it would be possible for a man of foresight to purchase annuities that would always mean exactly what he intended in the way of command over the necessities of life. And a railway company issuing such bonds would have less to pay on them in time of low prices and depression and more in time of high prices and prosperity. Until such a bond has been brought into existence, the comparison between the fluctuating purchasing power of labor's income and that of investors in general can have only an academic significance.—THE EDITORS.]

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The Bandwagon

THE IMPORTANCE OF HOME SWEET HOME

Seldom do you hear Home Sweet Home sung now. You haven't heard it for a number of years. Formerly it dropped in upon us in concert encores and quiet, social and family gatherings. And every rendition of it reacted on the cerebral tissues of those who sang and to a lesser extent on those who listened. With Home Sweet Home silenced, home itself tends to disappear. With home swallowed up in the cabaret, the great stabilizing centre of society is lost. Make music virile. Put red blood into it. Associate it with two-fisted men who do things. Keep away from the jazz abominations. Restore the orderly harmonized organization of industrial and social life with good music. Bring back Home Sweet Home.—*Dr. Frank E. Morton, Chairman of the Music Industries Committee.*

CONSTRUCTIVE THINGS THAT EXIST

Is the open forum we have now a good vehicle of anti-radical teaching? At present it appears to embody a great deal of spineless and indeterminate opposition to revolutionary propaganda. We need more efficient speakers, who will get audiences to direct their attention upon constructive things that exist and away from this all-consuming passion for government and economics.—*Archibald E. Stevenson, Counsel for the Lusk Committee.*

A SIMPLE PROBLEM

Germany must pay. That is the conclusion of the whole matter. It is impudent to say that she cannot. It is insulting to our Allies to say that they cannot make her.—*Harvey's Weekly.*

THE ROYAL ROAD TO PARANOIA

The applicant was a son of a Congregational minister and also the grandson of a minister of the same church. To a college president from New England, like myself, there could be no higher moral recommendation. At Syracuse we carefully inquire as to a man's religious faith and character and we want to know if a candidate has a country. We will not accept a Socialist nor a man who is careless in such matters.

It was after the tragedy that we learned that Professor Beckwith had been dismissed from several different positions and had been developing for some time his paranoiac mania. . . . Some say he was insane; perhaps he was. Probably that would have been the verdict if he had lived to answer for his crime, but if he was insane, somewhere he was responsible for becoming insane. After studying the employment question in Germany and applying those Teutonic principles to his life work, he threw away the faith of his father and became a Soviet Socialist who brooked no controversy but took as a personal offense any question of his opinion or acts. He cultivated hatred and murder.

We must set a new guard at the gates of our colleges and universities. We must drive out and keep out the vipers [the radicals] at the cost of our lives if necessary. We have received our warning! It is no time to apologize for such teaching. We should head the warning of the National Civic Federation which is uttering no uncertain sound!—*Chancellor James R. Day of Syracuse University on the Shooting of Dean Wharton.*

VERSE

Humming-Bird

I can imagine, in some otherworld
Primeval-dumb, far back
In that most awful stillness, that only gasped and hummed,
Humming-birds raced down the avenue.

Before anything had a soul,
While life was a heave of matter, half inanimate,
This little bit chipped off in brilliance
And went whizzing through the slow, vast, succulent stems.

I believe there were no flowers then
In the world where the humming-bird flashed ahead of creation;
I believe he pierced the slow vegetable veins with his long beak.

Probably he was big,
As mosses, and little lizards, they say were once big;
Probably he was a jabbing, terrifying monster.

We look at him through the wrong end of the telescope of Time,
Luckily for us.

D. H. LAWRENCE.

An Immoral Song

Jane was Charity's sister.
Jezebel was a queen.
She painted her face with bistre
And played on the tambourine;
She was wicked and white as a foggy night
And whenever she would complain,
"Slave, run and chop down forests of wood
and draw large oceans of water!"
Why, that meant work for Jane!

Jane didn't weep or murmur,
Jane didn't mind at all,
Her mouth set a little firmer
And her pansy eyes got small.
She thought of the lives of *good* kings' wives
And as soon as she'd hear ring plain,
"Come and take this last stupid lover of mine
away for he's fat enough now to slaughter!"
A smile would come over Jane.

Jezebel got into trouble
With all of the pious fates,
And her city cracked like a bubble
For Jane had opened the gates.
Oh, the dogs in the street found Jezebel sweet
Till the new prince cried in pain,
"Go out and bury that accursed woman
for she is a king's daughter!"—
And then went and married Jane.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET.

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Social Evolution

The Evolution of Revolution, by H. M. Hyndman. New York: Boni and Liveright.

SOCIAL evolution ought to be a subject of unusual interest today. It ought to yield rules of guidance in these uncertain times of great social change. We seem to be caught in a maze of social changes so numerous that it is difficult even to record them. We cannot tell what is coming; we can hardly understand what is happening all about us. Some of us try to get our bearings, by detaching ourselves from the present strife, seek a perspective of history, and then try to fit it all into its proper place in the historical process. We ask ourselves: "Is there no theory of social evolution which will help us to understand and tell us what we may expect?" Socialists have long relied on such a theory, economic determinism, and their reliance has been so complete as to translate a theory into a doctrine. But amidst the changes of war-time and after, the socialists have re-split into dissenting camps, particularly on the part revolution plays in their theory of determinism. The theory doesn't yield to all the same solution.

Mr. Hyndman after a long life rich in observation and activity has written another book in which he attempts to see present-day changes from the long-time point of view. Unlike Mr. Wells, however, he makes his study with much less record of fact and with more emphasis on general social and economic forces. He begins with primitive communism in the gens and discusses the growths of private property, the rise of slavery, and the development of money and exchange. The account of feudalism, the merchant classes, the rise of cities and the beginnings of capitalism is told in terms of class struggles and revolutions, such as the peasant uprisings of the fourteenth century, the bourgeois revolutions of the eighteenth century, the revolts of forty-eight and others. An important purpose of the treatise is to show the inevitable march of economic evolution which cannot be hurried or diverted, but follows its due course; hence the futility of revolts, including the Russian revolution.

The study is not industrial history as commonly known. There isn't enough historical detail. As a piece of economic analysis it is rather sketchy and quite general; considerably inferior, for instance, to Bücher's Industrial Evolution, written many years ago. As a theory of social evolution there is not enough analysis and consideration of cultural factors other than the economic and their various causal relations. As a theory to prove the futility of revolution and the inevitability of evolution, it has a certain impressiveness, which is not, however, the result of a painstaking study of causes. Any brief survey of economic forces of history (with not too much detail) impresses one with the sureness of social change. After it has all happened, the events appear to have occurred at the right times; no sooner, no later. Perhaps if the events had occurred differently the same impression would be had. Such a survey also shows that revolts do not often obtain their objectives.

It seems highly probable that certain general ideas of the book are sound, namely, that there is a process which may be called social evolution, that historical events are determined, that economic factors are most important in this determination and that revolutionary revolts often fail. The general trend of science points in this direction. But as theory, the need is for something more specifically applicable, which can be obtained only after more analyses of causes. Most of the book is descriptive, somewhat sweepingly so. In the Introduction and in the chapter, The Limits of Historical Determinism, theory as such is discussed. Here the author reveals himself as not a strict economic determinist, admitting a "psychologic" factor, but little is said of the nature of this psychological factor and how it is related to the economic factor. The most specific feature of his thesis is the attempt to show that most revolts fail because they have occurred ahead of time, that is, before the proper stage of evolution had been reached, which would make possible the conditions sought by the revolt. Thus, the author discusses a peasants' revolt in Germany and concludes on the last page of the chapter that, "It failed because the class in revolt had not reached the stage where its social and economic emancipation was possible." But such a statement does not tell why.

The author seems to rely for many of his conclusions on what may be called the succession-of-stages theory of social evolution. This theory holds the hypothesis that society evolves through an inevitable series of stages, and that for a particular society to reach a certain cultural position it must necessarily pass through the preceding stages. For instance, can Russia jump from semi-feudalistic agriculture to socialism without going through industrial capitalism? According to this succession-of-stages theory, no. Russia cannot . . . . "skip several steps in the slow advance of social evolution" (p. 383). It may be true that Russian communism will fail, but are we confident of this prediction, because of the application of this particular formula of social evolution? We should feel more confidence in such a prediction, if the author had first made a critical exposition of this formula of social evolution. This succession-of-stages theory of social evolution was developed a half century ago by such social theorists as Tyler, McLennan and Lewis H. Morgan, able men whose value to science was great, but who worked unfortunately before very much good field work had been done in ethnology. Later researches have pretty well disproved that there is such an inevitable sequence of stages. Yet the author seems never to question the theory.

Mr. Hyndman builds a good deal of his work on Lewis H. Morgan's theories. He is really more extreme than Morgan in his reiteration of primitive communism. Morgan's theories of sexual promiscuity, primitive communism, exogamy and the origin of the clan are taken over faithfully, just as though their fallaciousness had not been exposed by modern anthropologists. The stagnant nature of much socialist theory is well indicated by their continuing to accept Morgan, a distinguished figure, but in the early development of the science. Mr. Hyndman concludes that economic evolution is ". . . . arriving at the cooperative and communal forms of the old gentile period on an almost infinitely higher plane." It may be true; but we are justified in placing little confidence in a prediction that we are "arriving at" the communism of primitive times, when the communism of primitive times has not yet been established as a fact.

Perhaps some day, the processes and causes of social evolution will be measured and determined with a thoroughness that will justify confidence placed in predictions based on them. But up to the present time the necessary basic researches have not been made for such a definite formulation. Perhaps Mr. Hyndman was not so much interested in developing an adequate theory of social evolution as he was in showing the probabilities of failure of revolutionary revolts and of setting forth the general philosophy of the socialists "of the right." In these two achievements he has succeeded excellently, and in doing so has shown impressively the deterministic nature of economic evolution.

WILLIAM K. OGBURN.

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Mr. Doughty's Arabia Deserta

Travels in Arabia Deserta, by Charles M. Doughty. London: Lee Warner and Jonathan Cape.

IT is strangely and appropriately exhausting to read steadily through the two stout volumes of Doughty's Arabia Deserta. There are no suave and saving mists to mitigate our contact with that grim, basaltic waste, whose inhabitants seem to live in some close communion with the primeval rock of which their deserts are made. At most, to vary the deadly clarity of this "seeing of a hungry man," we find traces of a fever passing over his vision, troubling it indeed, but troubling it only in such a way that it becomes for the moment superhumanly, menacingly clear —the reflection of a brightness through a burning crystal.

Travels in Arabia Deserta is a great book for the simplest and most sufficient of reasons; it is a direct enlargement of human experience. The burden of the new experience is at times all but intolerable. We are made to suffer torments of thirst, of hunger, of heat, of the fanatical cruelty of men. Nothing is interposed between our sensitiveness and the barren, yet austerely beautiful reality, and if there are moments when the strange reality is bathed in the quality of a dream, it is because the traveller's most enduring flesh and blood had reached the limit of its power. It is a dream to us because it was dream to him.

Part of the fascination of the book lies, no doubt, in the indomitable courage of body and soul of the self-effacing man who hides behind it; but it is only because this two-fold courage was transformed (yet without losing its peculiar and unfamiliar virtues) into a courage wholly of the world of art that we are able to surrender ourselves to the influence of the personality of which the book is so complete an expression. For Arabia Deserta is a triumph both of art and of personality. All great books are that, in some degree; yet the duality holds good of Mr. Doughty's masterpiece in a peculiar and perhaps unique sense: for Mr. Doughty is rather the writer of one great book than a great writer. He is a man who, whether by good fortune or careful choice, found the subject preeminently fitted to his character and his gifts; who realized his opportunity and his responsibility, and devoted himself entirely over a long space of years to the task of completely crystallizing himself about the core of a subject which he recognized as intimately and mysteriously congenial.

We feel, indeed, that no other theme could have called forth the whole of Mr. Doughty's powers. His poems, remarkable though they are, are fragmentary and uneven in comparison with Arabia Deserta; their pure and pellucid beauties are too often hidden away in the crannies of a complex structure and an obscure language which the author's imaginative power has not been sufficient to dominate or to fuse. Mr. Doughty's imaginative range is essentially narrow, and this very narrowness which has made of his poems a comparative failure has been one of the most potent elements in the triumphant achievement of Arabia Deserta. Here, in the attempt to record imperishably the lineaments of a secret and inhospitable land and of the people it has produced to be its denizens, was no need of that elasticity of the imagination which is necessary to great poetry. The needs were opposite to this: first, of that amazing courage of body and spirit which enabled him to wander unfriended for two years among nomad tribesmen, in whom the traditional hospitality fought ever a doubtful battle with their hatred of the Christian, and whose living (even when they were friendliest) was of a harshness and scarcity hardly imaginable to the European; then, in order to understand and sympathize with them, of a measure of that religious sternness which daily threatened him; and, last and greatest, of the patience to hammer out of the English speech a language apt to render this strange, ageless Semitic world, where the shadows of mind and earth are black and the lights glaring, where there is neither haze nor hesitation, and the thoughts of three thousand years of western civilization are utterly unknown.

From what we have called, somewhat roughly and ungraciously, Mr. Doughty's narrowness, all these needs could be supplied. His own disposition was toward spiritual issues made, to a modern sense, inhumanly clear. Against fanaticism he could pit a stubbornness which itself seems little short of the fanatical; to strike against the religious rock of the Arabs he found steel in himself.

> And as we drank around they bade me call myself a "Misslim," and in my heart be still of what opinion I would, (this indulgence is permitted in the koran to any persecuted Moslemin)—words not far from wisdom; and I have often felt the iniquitous fortune of travelling thus, an outlawed man (and in their sight worthy of death), only for a name, in Arabia. It had cost me little or naught to confess Konfuchu or Socrates to be apostles of Ullah; but I could not find it in my life to confess their barbaric prophet of Mecca, and enter, under the yoke, their solemn fools' paradise.

Indeed the elements of a martyr were in Mr. Doughty, and many were the times toward the end of his pilgrimage when he came within a hairsbreadth of what had been martyrdom of the purest kind; and the very straitness of his detestation of Islam brought him nearer than any politic complaisance could have done to an understanding of those for whom Mohammed was truly the prophet of God.

Again, in his predilections in the English language itself Mr. Doughty knows no compromise; he is, one might fairly say, an Old Believer; Spenser first, and Chaucer second are his gods and there is none beside them. For him the magnificent efflorescence of the language of Shakespeare and Milton might never have been; hardly even the English Bible.

Such then was the man who measured himself with unknown Arabia,—a man of a higher and more enlightened tradition, but of a similar basic austerity. No man more proof against the assaults of Arabia ever entered into her; and none more fitted by temper, or by experiences to be endured by that temper alone, to be her patient recreator. None ever compromised less with the Arabs; none was ever more respected by them. If we have regard, therefore, either to the quality of the achievement in Arabia Deserta or to the evident character of the man who wrote it, we are not surprised that ten years went to its composition. It is, as it were, hewn painfully out of the rock or hammered out of stubborn iron; never, even when Mr. Doughty handles it with the most assured mastery, does a slight and all but imperceptible sense of strain depart from it, and the ensuing tension is essential to the story he has to tell, the emotion he has to convey. An effort is demanded of the reader which corresponds (in another kingdom) to the effort demanded of Mr. Doughty; an effort richly rewarded, as was his own. No slovenly attention will suffice to receive the message of this marvelous description of a summer day in the Arabian desert.

> Now longwhile our black booths had been built upon the sandy stretches, lying before the swelling white Nefud side: the lofty coast of Irnan in front, whose

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> cragged breaches, where is any footing for small herbs nourished of this barren atmosphere, are the harbor of wild goats, which never drink. The summer's night at end, the sun stands up as a crown of hostile flames from that huge covert of inhospitable sandstone bergs; the desert day dawns not little and little, but it is noontide in an hour. The sun, entering as a tyrant upon the waste landscape, darts upon us a torment of fiery beams, not to be remitted till the far-off evening.—No matins here of birds; not a rock partridge-cock, calling with blithesome chuckle over the extreme waterless desolation. Grave is that giddy heat upon the crown of the head; the ears tingle with a flickering shrillness, a subtle crepitation it seems, in the glassiness of this sun-stricken nature: the hot sand-blink is in the eyes, and there is little refreshment to find in the tent's shelter; the worsted booths leak to this fiery rain of sunny light. Mountains looming like dry bones through the thin air, stand far around about us: the savage flank of Ybba Moghrair, the high spire and ruinous stacks of el-Jebal, Chebad, the coast of Helwan! Herds of weak nomad camels waver dispersedly, seeking pasture in the midst of this hollow, fainting country, where but lately the swarming locusts have fretted every good thing. This silent air burning about us, we endure breathless till the assr: when the dazing Arabs in the tents revive after their heavy hours. The lingering day draws down to the sunsetting; the herdsmen, weary of the sun, come again with the cattle, to taste in their menzils the first sweetness of mirth and repose.—The day is done, and there rises the nightly freshness of the purest mountain air: and then to the cheerful song and the cup at the common fire. The moon rises ruddy from that solemn obscurity of jebel like a mighty beacon:—and the morrow will be as this day, days deadly drowned in the sun of the summer wilderness.

This is the achievement of a pure and deliberate art; very little prose of this assured magnificence has been written in our day; and certainly no other book has been maintained on such a level for centuries. *Arabia Deserta* is incomparable.

If we are required to furnish a phrase to describe its unique quality, we should say that it was distinguished above all by a hard ascetic purity. We are conscious from the opening sentence that we are taken apart into a world of thought and living, remote from our own, a world where man has shed many of the encumbrances that muffle his contact with elemental things, and many of the subtleties which seem to us inseparable from a humane life,—a world part parable, part fairy tale; simpler yet sterner, more beautiful yet more oppressive than our own; austerely intoxicating. The first draught is overpowering.

> A new voice hailed me of an old friend when, first returned from the Peninsula, I paced along that long street of Damascus which is called Straight; and suddenly taking me wondering by the hand "Tell me (said he), since thou art here again in the peace and assurance of Ullah, and whilst we walk, as in the former years, toward the new blossoming orchards, full of the sweet spring as the garden of God, what moved thee, or how couldst thou take such journeys into the fanatic Arabia?"

From this, the first sentence of the book, we are lost, as though lifted on a magic carpet out of time, to wander in an ecstasy of desolation through regions which have not changed since the world began, to consort with Abraham and the sons of Abraham as they were, but for their coffee and their guns, infinite ages ago. No wonder then that even to the traveller himself, as the pangs of hunger lightened the ballast of his brain, the life became as a timeless dream.

> Hither lies no way from the city of the world, a thousand years pass as one daylight; we are in the world and not in the world, where Nature brought forth man, an enigma to himself, and an evil spirit sowed in him the seeds of dissolution. And looking then upon that infinite spectacle, this life of the wasted flesh seemed to me ebbing, and the spirit to waver her eyas wings unto that divine obscurity.

Yet this is a dream where things become not soft and vaporous but of an awful solidity: the vast volcanic tablelands of basalt rock, jutting through the kinder sand, are not more gaunt than the fanatic hatred of the Moslem for the Nasrany that looms always behind even the most ceremonious hospitality of the tents. It would have been less than human if the wanderer's spirit had never come near to failing, and he had never asked in despair: "Wherefore should I macerate my life continually in the greatest jeopardy? Or suffer this distress of soul, to kick against the fanaticism of whole Ishmaelite country?"

Behind, incessantly lifting and maintaining the book, is the man. The singular unity of the artist and the man makes it impossible for us to regard the book for long merely as one of the finest examples of English artificial prose. It is that, indeed, and we have to keep this aspect before our eyes in order rightly to appreciate his solitary and so long neglected achievement. But the garment of his style fits the man so closely that, unless we diligently remember the ten years' labor, we may lapse back into thinking that the writing was natural in the common sense of the word. Because we can see that only Mr. Doughty could have forged and manipulated this language, we may persuade ourselves that the work was easy, though in fact nothing is harder in literature than to impress upon our minds the sense of a strong and coherent personality.

Nevertheless, though Arabia Deserta must in the last resort be judged as a work of deliberate art, and though it will stand for many years on the rock of this rare excellence, there is a danger of neglecting its simpler virtues as a story of adventure. It is not possible to regard the thrilling sequence of ever more desperate encounters at Hayil, at Kheybar, at Aneyza, and the final jeopardy outside Mecca when even the hidden pistol, Doughty's last resource, was torn away, and the sudden drop into the final calm of the Sherif's kindly reception at Tayif, as ordered by a sense of artistic culmination. Mr. Doughty, we feel, sticks close to the facts. But the collaboration of events toward the single effect is almost bewildering. We are borne irresistibly along to the utmost limits of one man's endurance. The traveller, we feel as we follow him on the last journey from Aneyza to the confines of Mecca, must be saved or he will die, if not by the sword of the ruffian Salem, from the sheer weakness of a broken man. It has been too much; we are oppressed and weary with the horror of the unequal struggle.

To read Arabia Deserta is to live out a whole life in the Arabian waste, and to reach the end fordone. The interludes of peace in the nomad tents and of bountiful beauty in the oases were too few to give the traveller back his strength; at each stage some vital force had ebbed that could not be restored. But the beauty of these resting places appears to us in the barren meagreness about, as a celestial enchantment.

> Oh, what bliss to the thirsty soul is in that light sweet water, welling soft and warm as milk, from the rock! And I heard the subtle harmony of Nature, which the profane cannot hear, in that happy stillness and solitude. Small bright dragon-flies, azure, dun and vermilion,

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sported over the cistern water ruffled by a morning breath from the figgera, and hemmed in the solemn lava rock. The silver fishes glance beneath, and white shells lie at the bottom of this water world. I have watched there the young of the thob shining like scaly glass and speckled: this fairest of saurians lay sunning, at the brink, upon a stone; and ofttimes moving upon them and shooting out the tongue he snatched his prey of flies without ever missing.—Glad were we when Jummar had filled our girby of this sweet water.

With a more than human sweetness appears amid the fierce fanaticism the kindness of the few who succored him, the Arab women in the tents, El-Kenneyny at Aneyza, Amm Mohammed at Kheybar, from whom this was the leavetaking.

"Now God be with thee, my father Mohammed, and requite thee."—"God speed thee, Khalil," and he took my hand. Amm Mohammed went back to his own, we passed further; and the world, and death, and the inhumanity of religions parted us for ever.

The kindly men and women and the few hours of rest shine out like jewels from this narrative which, we know even without Colonel Lawrence's authoritative word to confirm, holds within it all the sights and sounds, the spirit and the people of Arabia "smelling of samn and camels." And something at least of their power to outlast centuries has entered into it; for it is a book built solidly, and not as books are built today. Therefore it has been slow in coming to its own. It is now more than thirty years since the first edition was published; and this is only the second. In 1888 Mr. Doughty wrote in his preface: "We set but a name upon the ship that our hands have built (with incessant labor) in a decennium, in what day she is launched forth to the great waters." Since that time many ships have been launched and have foundered; Mr. Doughty's sails slowly on to a certain harbor among the classics of the English language. J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

Father Allan's Island

Father Allan's Island, by Amy Murray. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

THE bleak beauty of a mist-hung, wind-swept island to the north of Scotland prevades Miss Murray's account of her adventure among the Gaelic islanders in quest of folk lore. The author realizes that the eerie spell of the ancient sagas can not be forced or too eagerly pursued, that the one who would catch the genuine folk spirit must wait and listen within the very life of the sturdy singers. And realizing this, she has been able to create for the reader a picture of the island and its people that is amazingly vital and revealing. It is more than a picture, for one feels a bit of the elemental rhythm, the elusive other-worldness of these fisherfolk in Father Allan's Island.

It is all strange and remote, yet made at once familiar by being related to the simple and poetic within ourselves. We sit with the adventurer beside peat fires on the clay floors of black houses, and we see the mist, the rain and the moon-bows at this Edge of the World with the beat of the sea, the glow of the sun and the mystery of night about it. "The sweet high-sounding things that only poets and lovers say in the Great World are in the mouths of herd-boys on the Edge of it." So the herd-boys and the gray-eyed girls and the withered old women speak to us in the songs that Miss Murray has collected and in her vivid reflection of their lives. Father Allan is a notable, genial soul who knows the wide world as well as the hunger and grief and laughter of the people on his island.

"God gives us this, because we have so little," said the gray-eyed girl when their ready wit and cheerful spirits were spoken of. There are storms and wrecks and poor wives watching the sea before daylight. There is hunger and cold and heartache in the tiny houses, but joy is there as well. Old tales are chanted about the fires, young feet dance on the clay floors and weirdly beautiful dreams are born while the wind tugs at the thatching.

Some thirty folk songs with music are included in the volume and there is a discerning foreword by Padraic Colum. Speaking of comparisons that will probably be made between this book and Synge's The Aran Islands, Mr. Colum says: "But they are books that are far apart. Synge's is introspective, analytical—even psycho-analytical—while Miss Murray's has the spirit of clear adventure. In Synge, too, we are aware of a community; for all his solitariness, all his distrust of political methods, there are in his books the marginal notes of a sociologist. In Father Allan's Island there is just a man and perhaps a dozen neighbors. It is worth noting that both J. M. Synge and Miss Murray made themselves welcomed by what they brought with them in musical communicativeness—J. M. Synge with his old fiddle, and Miss Murray with her 'little harp of twenty-eight strings.'" R. H.

Selected Current Books

Notes on Life and Letters, by Joseph Conrad. Doubleday Page and Company.
Collected literary and political papers.

The Russian Workers' Republic, by Henry Noel Brailsford. Harper.
An account of conditions under the Soviet by a writer who has recently been in Russia.

Modern Philosophy, by Guido De Ruggiero. Macmillan.
A comprehensive treatment of the whole development of philosophy in the last half century by a member of the modern Italian school.

Later Essays, 1917-1920, by Austin Dobson. Oxford University Press.
Papers on the eighteenth century.

Denmark, a Cooperative Commonwealth, by Frederic C. Howe. Harcourt, Brace and Co.
An attempt to "interpret for America the remarkable progress made by Denmark in scientific culture, in organized cooperation, in education and politics."

Greeks and Barbarians, by J. A. K. Thomson. Macmillan.
A critical discussion of the distinction between Greek and Barbarian and its application to the question of the distinction between Classical and Romantic.

Contributors

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